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CELINA;  
OR,  
THE WIDOWED BRIDE.  
A NOVEL.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

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BY SARAH ANN HOOK.

---

I'll shew thee friendship delicate as dear,  
Of tender violations apt to die;  
Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy  
Deliberate on all things with thy friend.      YOUNG,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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## CELINA, &c.

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### CHAP. I.

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Free, trifling, vain, volatile, and gay,

They sing and dance the vacant hours away.

GOLDSMITH.

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“**H**OW sadly chequer’d,” said Henry, as they were driving to the hotel, “has this good woman’s life been, from her birth, as clouds and sunshine alternately succeed each other. In her infancy left by parents; then in her years of childhood death took from her her second mother, and, in the midst of her brightest prospects and happiest hours, he came again and swept all away; left not a friend to console her in her old age. She now stands alone—now is she declining fast to her second childhood; she is more friendless than in her first, with this difference, she sensibly feels her loss.”

VOL. II.

A

“ I am delighted, Henry,” said Mr. Hill, “ at the extreme delicacy of your feelings ; they do honour to your heart. I think with you, that Madam du Saint has been the sport of fortune, yet many years of her life passed in an uninterrupted series of pleasure, and perhaps she has enjoyed as much happiness as generally falls to the lot of any one human being.

“ She is, I think, a truly amiable character, and was no doubt an uniform good wife, and a tender mother. She might naturally have expected that her son would have been spared to soothe her declining years, and by his filial affection and tender assiduities have rendered happy her last moments.

“ But that might not have been the case, and I fear if her Frederic had lived it would not have been so. He was a fond dutiful son ; she is a woman strong in her attachments, and in her last hours, the separation, I fear, would be worse than that between soul and body.

“ Now, it will be the happy reverse : in that awful hour, no dear tender relative weeping by her bed to disturb her dying moments, or raise a wish in her breast to protract her life a day longer : on the contrary, all the dear objects of her fondest

affection have passed that dreadful bourne before her, and she is looking forward, with anxious expectation to that happy hour, when she shall be summoned to follow them."

"The carriage stopping at the hotel put an end to this serious discourse, and after a light supper, at which Lord Winnington started a livelier one, they retired for the night.

In the morning they arrived at the convent at an early hour, where they found breakfast set. The lady abbess entered the parlour soon after, in better spirits than they had ever seen her, followed by sister Grandville and Miss Bean.

"Your young country woman," said the abbess, "is come to take leave of you."

"Miss Bean then begged, if, in their way through Devon, they should honour her father with a visit, that they would say she was perfectly happy, and only feared that two years would pass away too soon.

The lady abbess had been too much taken up with her nephew and his friends to enter into conversation with Miss Bean on her knowledge of his family; naturally

supposing, that as she was known to Henry, she was also known to his sister, and hoped that as she was there, it would be an inducement to Mary to accept her invitation.

When the things were removed, sister Grandville and Miss Bean withdrew. The lady abbess told her friends to what end she had written to Mr. Guraville. Henry was not more surprised than pleased to find his beloved sister would, in all probability, visit that charming country.—Mr Hill said, his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Guraville, would certainly accept an offer every way so advantageous and desirable.

Henry said, he would write that evening, and urge her journey, though he did not think it at all necessary ; he could answer for his father doing every thing in his power to oblige her.

Lord Winnington was the only person silent on the subject. He felt disapprobation of Mary's going, but knew not why.

This matter being talked over till quite exhausted, they wished the abbess a good morning, saying, they had fixed to leave Nisines the next day. She expressed her concern, and engaged them to sup. with-



her that evening, as she had a few commissions to give them.

They even had to take leave of Father Quintin, the lord abbot, and the whole brotherhood of Carmelites.

In the evening, they partook of an elegant supper, with the lady abbess, sister Grandville, and Miss Bean. The evening passed in pleasant chat; till, by a look from the abbess, sister Grandville and Miss Bean understood it was time to depart. They rose, wishing the gentlemen a pleasant journey, and curtsying respectfully to the abbess, retired.

Madam du Saint then gave Mr. Hill letters to her steward at Auvignon, instructing him to receive a sum of money for her, and as they proposed staying some days, she would write to him by the next post, informing him to whom he should pay it, she then took an affectionate leave of Henry and his friends.

The next morning they left Nismes.—The road to Auvignon was beautifully romantic, and afforded them great pleasure: they arrived early in the evening. The ensuing day Mr. Hill delivered his letters, and was received with great politeness by

Monfieur Crilnaud, who engaged Mr. Hill and his young friends to dine with him the next day.

After dinner they vifited the beautiful little chapel of De la Croix, and Laura's tomb. Mr. Hill was delighted with the elegant fimplicity of the verfes faid to have been written by Petrarch, and found in Laura's coffin.

"Who is fupposed to have depofited thefe verfes in Laura's coffin?" enquired Henry.

"Petrarch himfelf, I imagine," faid the holy father, who was fhewing the chapel.

"That cannot be," faid Henry, "for, in all the accounts I have read of thefe unhappy lovers, we are informed that Petrarch was at Verona when Laura died, and ignorant of his lofs-for fome time."

"You are right, my fon," replied another of the brotherhood, who entered at the moment Henry asked the queftion, "You are right, Petrarch was at Verona when the lovely Laura died. That beautiful woman—that paragon of her fex, was carried off by the plague which raged in this town in the year one thoufand three hundred and forty-eight: But Petrarch, my fon, was not wholly ignorant of her

death, for he saw her ghost in one of his midnight rambles. Holy Saint Antoine de Padua! defend me from troubled spirits!" exclaimed he, crossing himself.

"Why," rejoined Henry "he does say something about a violent depression of spirits, and an uncommon restlessness, which he felt as a presentiment of some future evil."

"Saint Antoine de Padua, what infidelity! You do not believe then, that the ghost of Laura haunted Petrarch? Holy Mary! such heresies make me tremble. Young man," said the friar, darting at him a look of piercing scorn, "I doubt not but you will dispute holy writ; but, believe me, you will repent these vile scepticisms. It is our duty to believe all things, and receive all things with humility, that are handed down to us, either traditionary or historically — The fathers of this convent have taught this story of Petrarch and Laura, and we have no right to doubt it."

Henry, having no wish to lengthen the dispute, or impress this weak man with ideas to his disadvantage, bowed, and joined Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill, who were employed in taking a copy of the verses that had given rise to the al-

tercation between the friars and Henry; so little to his advantage, in the friars' opinion, and less to his own satisfaction.

When they had completed their copy, and paid the accustomed livres, they took their leave of the friars.

On their return to the hotel, Henry begged to see the copy of Petrarch's verses. After reading them, he observed that, as far as he could judge from his knowledge of the language, they were elegantly expressive of a tender and delicate passion.

"Love generally makes a poet," said Lord Winnington.

"It does so," replied Mr. Hill, "but often a very vile one. These verses are as fulsome and ridiculous as the object is vain that inspires them."

"If that is the criterion by which we are to judge of the amiableness of a poet's mistress," returned Henry, "Petrarch's Laura must have been a paragon indeed. She must have reached the summit of perfection both in mind and person."

Mr. Hill smiled at the conceit, and ordered supper.

The next day, at the appointed hour, they waited on Monsieur Crilnaud, who gave them a superb dinner, and treated

them with every distinguished mark of politeness. At parting, in the evening, Monsieur Crilnaud formed a party for the next day to visit Vacluse, formerly the residence of Petrarch.

The party consisted of Monsieur and Madam Crilnaud and their daughter, with our three travellers.

The ride to Vacluse is indelcribably delightful, and our gentlemen enjoyed it in silent ecstasy. The azure bosom of the Mediterranean breaking on their view as they gained every little eminence, and again they lost it in the vallies. Before them lay a long chain of Alps, whose towering heads seemed to support the fleecy clouds, and their basis to cut off their road; they appeared an impassible boundary to the traveller.

On their left, the beautiful, but less majestic Pyrenneés, on whose snow decked heads the sun darted his vivifying beams, and cast a radiance too powerful for the eye, which sought, and met soft relief in the lively verdure of the vallies. The contrast of these great and wonderful objects added much to the beauty of the scene.

If the admiration of our travellers was excited by objects so new, it was heightened

on their arrival at Vaucluse ; the retired situation of which expanded the contemplative mind, and gave birth to the most sublime ideas.

Here nature exhibited a wonderful pleasing variety. At one time you behold the hard barren rock, and the fertile mead ; then the richly clothed wood, and the wide extended Mediterranean, with the rapidly gushing fountain rolling down its native rock, then separating into various little rills, whose soothing murmurs lull the care worn heart to a state of oblivion, and ameliorates the too exhilarated spirits of fortune's favourites to a degree of rational enjoyment.

“ Here,” said Monsieur Crilnaud, “ is the scite of the little villa once inhabited by Petrarch ; those few stones are all that now remain. When we behold the delapidations of time on the strongest productions of art, does it not lead the mind to reflect on the delicate structure of our wonderfully formed bodies ? And yet how many tempests and storms of the mind ! What severe attacks of the body do we bear up against ! How admirably has the All-wise Architect proportioned the basis and columns of his building to the weight they sustain ! But, hold,” continued he, ob-

serving Mr. Hill was about to answer him, “ we will not now enter on a subject so serious, as it will afford no entertainment to the ladies.”

Lord Winnington, though a sensible young man, and who sometimes pursued his serious thoughts to a depth of meditation, whose studies were intense and laborious, the effects and produce of which would have done credit to the first professor in Europe, yet, in public and mixed company, he avoided all obtrusive and pedantic discourse.

“ My dear Sir,” said his Lordship, gaily, “ the ladies have deputed me to say, they are extremely happy that you have reserved the subject for your next tete-a-tete.”

The conversation became general : in which Madam Crilnaud displayed a great brilliancy of wit, much knowledge of the world, and more of the best authors that have written in French and Italian ; but her manners were tinted with French levity, which, in the opinion of most Englishmen, detracts much from the amiableness of the female character. They seek in vain, in the Gallic fair, to find that native timidity—that attractive diffidence—that indescribable softness of manners which adorn

the daughters of Britain, and which not only claim the admiration, but fix deep in the hearts of their noble minded countrymen, that pure and ardent affection, without which happiness must be of short duration, love must be transient, if the manners of the female do not engage and ensure approbation and esteem.

Such is the levity natural to the Continental ladies, that it lays them open to the impertinent advances of the vain fool; while, in the breast of the man of sentiment and sensibility, it excites pity and disgust.

On their return in the evening, they found letters. Henry received one from his father, on the subject of Mary's intended journey to Nismes; requesting he would make his excuses to his lordship and Mr. Hill, and proceed to England as soon as convenient to conduct his sister to her aunt.

Henry was delighted at the summons, and gave the letter to Lord Winnington, saying, "I hope your Lordship will allow me to go immediately."

"Go, where?" asked Mr. Hill, who had been engaged with letters, "Where would you go?"



“ My dear Sir,” answered Henry, “ I am quite delighted ; my father has sent for me to attend my sister Mary to Nismes.”

“ I am very glad Mr. Guraville has consented to let Mary pay a visit to her aunt ; her estate here is worth upwards of twelve thousandlivres a year, and which estate Madam du Saint has ordered to be made over to Mary. Monsieur Crilnaud is now making out the title deeds in the name of Mary Guraville, and will, in a few days, go with them to Nismes, that Madam du Saint may properly sign and execute them. She has also, in her will, I find, left it in Mary’s power to sell the estate at her death, least any thing should suddenly happen to Mary, and the estate be lost to her family, and be claimed by government. If she should marry a Frenchman, it will secure it to her children, and not otherwise.”

A glow of surprise and delight suffused the cheek of Henry, and before he could collect words to express his feelings, Mr. Hill resumed—“ I have also something more to communicate to you that is equally agreeable. By this letter you will find, the twelve thousand livres I yesterday received from M. Crilnaud, I am to retain

for your use ; and this generous worthy woman desires you will, at all times, at least while you remain on the Continent, apply to her as your banker.

Here all the exquisite feelings of affectionate gratitude filled and expanded Henry's noble bosom.

" I must, Sir," said he, " before I sleep, commit to paper all I think and feel on this delicately conferred obligation. The act is generous in itself, but the manner in which it is done heightens the favour above my power of acknowledgement."

" Fear not Henry ; it is the act of a truly noble soul, and she looks for no other return than that you make a prudent and virtuous use of all her gifts. The plain honest effusions of a grateful heart will be more acceptable to the elevated mind of Madam du Saint than the most studied laborious address you can pen."

Henry withdrew to write to his aunt, while Mr. Hill and Lord Winnington consulted about his departure. After many propositions and rejections, it was determined that they should accompany him to England.

When Henry entered the room, with the few lines of grateful acknowledgment he had written to shew Mr. Hill, he was in-

formed of their intention; which was an addition to the happiness he at that moment felt.

Mr. Hill approved of the letter he had written, and wished he would add, by way of postscript, a short account of their intended journey to England; beg her to accept their adieus, and in a few weeks they hoped to have the pleasure of introducing Miss Guraville to her.

At an early hour our friendly trio left Auvignon, and travelled with all convenient speed. It being not very far advanced in May, they made no doubt of finding Mr. Guraville and family in town; on their landing, therefore, they proceeded immediately to Wimpole Street.

## C H A P. II.

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The cloister'd female's hollow eye,  
Her wasted form, the long-drawn sigh ;  
The stoney walls, the vaulted cell,  
A tale of woe expressive tell.

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**T**HE unexpected arrival of Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill diffused a joy through the family, which, however, received an alloy from the recollection of the cause of their visit.

Mary heard, with great satisfaction, Henry's account of Madam du Saint, and looked forward to much happiness. The peaceful uniform life of the nuns, the beautiful country, and above all, the amiable sweetness of Madam du Saint's disposition, which her brother had painted in lively colours ; and the justness of the picture confirmed by the concurring accounts of Lord Win-

nington and Mr. Hill, awaked in her bosom an ardent desire to visit the worthy lady abbess, and enjoy those scenes so charmingly described by her friends.

She almost longed to join the pious nuns, and listen with devout attention to the holy choir chaunting their matin hymns. She panted to climb the healthful hills, and gather the wild aromatic herbs and luxuriant myrtle, whose redundant branches are pruned by the peasant's hand, and bound in small faggots fitted for the hearth; from which she would enjoy, blended at once both pleasure and comfort: while the grateful heat of the burning sweets cheers and animates the whole frame; the rising smoke fills the chamber with the most fragrant odours; perfumes, the most delicate and grateful to the sense, are inhaled by the burning of the green orange and myrtle wood.

Such were the novel luxuries Mary was taught to expect. Her imagination heightened every promised pleasure; her lively fancy led her to scenes of delight and tranquility, and she had already lived, in anticipation, years of happiness.

Her filial heart treasured up, and dwelt with rapture on the cheering thought of having it, at some future day, in her power, through the liberality of Madam du Saint, to render her dear parents independent. Her sweet little Eliza should amply enjoy a participation of her fortune.

These reflections alone sustained her spirits, and soothed the painful sensations of her heart. When busy recollection brought the hour of separation to her mind, “How,” she would say to herself, “can I pronounce the last adieu ! How tear myself from the arms of my parents, and the playful Eliza ! How, for the last time, perhaps for ever, press the cheek of my dear, my best beloved Celina !” Thus would her young bosom alternately glow with pleasure, and sigh with pain.

While Mrs. Guraville was preparing for her daughter’s departure, Mary divided her time between Celina and her other friends ; but as she possessed by far the highest place in her affections, so in proportion had she the greatest share of her company.

Often did these young friends form to themselves plans of future happiness.—Tenderly were their hearts united by a similarity of sentiment and feeling—their souls were congenial—their pleasures were

imperfect if not enjoyed together, and their sorrows insupportable till deposited in each other's bosom.

Mary long indulged the hope that Mr. Morley might be prevailed on to let Celina accompany her. She frequently hinted her wish to him, and observed, that if Celina were placed as a boarder at the convent, to finish her education under the eye of Madam du Saint, how charming it would be.

“How happily we should pursue our studies together, and, my dear Mr. Morley,” she would generally conclude, “we shall return to England perfect Frenchwomen; you will be astonished to hear with what propriety we shall gabber that language, and how imperfectly our own.”

To these little indirect requests he would shake his head, pat Mary on the cheek, and tell her she was a lively little mad-cap.

Mary, finding all her attempts to draw from Mr. Morley a decisive answer were in vain, it was at last agreed, that Celina should ask her father, and by that means put an end to their suspense. His will, once known, though it should prove contrary to their wishes, would place them in a state comparatively happy, to the suc-

cession of hopes and fears that alternately agitated their minds.

Many days passed before Celina could collect courage to address her father.—Often did she enter his closet with a full determination to make her request, when her timid heart redoubled its palpitation.—her parched throat ached—her tongue adhered to the roof of her mouth, and all her attempts to articulate were in vain.

Frequently did Celina suffer these painful struggles; nor did she acquire resolution sufficient to ask her father till a very few evenings before that fixed for Mary's departure; the result of which the Reader is already acquainted with.

Every thing was now ready for their journey, the plan formed, the route marked out, when Lord Winnington was seized with a violent fever which overturned all.

Mary was sincerely sorry for the cause; yet was she as sincerely sorry for the delay. After the utmost exertions of the physicians, at the end of fourteen days the fever abated, and in a few days more entirely left him; but his lordship was so extremely debilitated that it was pronounced.



impossible he could for some time undertake a journey to the Continent.

It therefore was agreed that Henry should conduct his sister to Nismes, and that Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill should join them there, and from thence continue their tour to Italy.

As Henry had gained a proficiency in the languages and modes of travelling a courier was not necessary, and they left England with only one servant.

Their journey was pleasant, and Mary's spirits were exhilarated by every changing scene, her active mind was fully employed in contemplating the beauties of nature, which at that season wore her many-coloured robe, and yielded her sweets to the soft breathing zephyr that stole along the vale, kissing with wanton playfulness the peasant's rustic lip.

It was night when they entered Nismes; the moon was at the full, whose silver beams fell on the majestic ruins of the amphitheatre; the light and shade were thrown so admirably that the prodigious building appeared twice its real size, and objects so new and wonderful attracted Mary's notice. She felt an irresistible desire to visit that ancient monument of grandeur and cruelty; but her brother urged the impossibility of

stopping, as they were then some miles from the convent, and the night far advanced.

On their arrival, they found the peaceful inhabitants of the dreary mansion retired to rest. The portress soon unbarred the heavy gates, and informed the lady abbess of their arrival. This worthy recluse, eager to embrace the daughter of her nephew, hastily threw on her grey woollen wrapper, girted round with a white cord, and quickly entered the parlour.

She tenderly saluted Mary, who warmly returned the affectionate embrace, and in a few days felt perfectly happy in the parental attentions of Madam du Saint.

After taking some refreshment the lady abbess conducted Mary to a cell adjoining her own, which had been prepared for her reception. Every convenience and little ornament the convent afforded were collected and placed there ; each nun was eager to contribute towards decorating the gloomy stone dwelling.

While their delicate bodies, rendered more so by inactivity and secret discontent, were entombed night and day in a dreary arched cell, encompassing a space of ten or fifteen feet square.

All the light it receives is from a small casement, the height of which precludes all possibility of looking through. The breadth of the lead, smallness of each pane of glass, and thick barricadoes of iron, totally excluded the sun, whose genial rays, were they permitted to enter the apartment, would exhale the chilling damps, so pernicious to the cloistered female; they would at once illumine and cheer the solitary cell and its pensive inhabitant.

How ill-judged, O! ye votaries of religion! are the incitements ye hold out to the youthful mind. The dark green mouldy walks of the prison-like convent—the solemn stalk, with crossed arms and scowling brow of the superiors, and the pale squalid discontented looks of the sisters, fill the mind with pity, disgust, and scepticism.

Who can see the languid eye floating in tears, constantly bent on the ground, and hear the deep drawn sigh of the immured female, and believe the long tale of happiness told of a cloistered life?

Religion and discontent are incompatible. True piety wears a face of placid serenity—a smile of complacence and cheerfulness radiates her countenance; no sigh heaves her bosom; no murmurs escape her lips, nor tears dim her eyes, unless excited by a tale

of distress ; but few are to be found, cloistered for life, who feel that happy state of mind.

Not but this sisterhood of Benedictines enjoyed more happiness than is often found within the walls of a convent. The amiable disposition of the abbess rendered their seclusion less irksome : that sullen gravity and rigid austerity of manners, usually found in the superiors of religious houses, formed no part of her character. She was innocently lively and serenely cheerful. In those hours set apart from religious duties, she promoted amusements that would unbend the mind and enliven the spirits, without vitiating the heart, or leading its wishes beyond the convent gates ; but rather tending to reconcile them to their perpetual imprisonment, too often *inhumanly* inflicted by *paternal tyranny* !

The abbess bestowed her benediction on Mary, and left her for the night. She returned to the parlour, and committed Henry to the care of the sacristan who had prepared an apartment for him near his own ; also one for his servant.

In the morning the nuns expressed a great desire to be introduced to Miss Gurnaville. The abbess was ever ready to oblige the whole sisterhood ; besides there was a

debt unpaid. Their indefatigable exertions to render her niece's abode comfortable, demanded a return.

As soon as Mary rose, Madam du Saint led her into the refectory, where they were all assembled to breakfast ; each pressed forward to welcome their new inmate.— Mary gazed with astonishment at all around her. Their grey woollen robes, fastened round the waist with a white cord—the neat pinched cap, that totally enveloped the hair—the crimped cambric handkerchief, that rose up to the ears and covered every part of the neck, excited her admiration ; it was a style of dress entirely new to her.

The graceful appendage of the veil was worn by this order of nuns. It is a profusion of white muslin, fastened on the top of the head and, when thrown back, hangs elegantly down on each shoulder almost to the ground, and adds much to the apparent height of the wearer.

Many years had elapsed since Madam du Saint had felt that perfect happiness she that morning enjoyed in the company of Mary and Henry ; never had she in that convent sipped her coffee with so much pleasure.— The breakfast was not dismissed with the

usual dispatch ; each sip was followed by an interrogation, and often did the lifted hand convey the roll to the mouth, and as often was it staid at the lip to give the required answer.

That day, and many more, were spent by Mary in exploring the convent, its gardens, and shrubberies. Henry took his sister to his favourite hill, from which she had an uninterrupted view of the country for many miles round. He pointed out to her all the chateaus reputed for elegance and beauty, also the convent of jolly Carmelites, which she much wished to visit ; but, as the breath of a female would contaminate its walls, she was obliged to rest content with an external view of it.

On their return, Henry met Father Quintin, who expressed much joy when told he was likely to remain there some time, and, in the name of the abbot, gave him an invitation to his convent ; which, with the concurrence of his aunt, Henry accepted, and, with his servant, removed there that evening.

He divided his time pleasantly enough, for full two months, between the good Carmelites and pious nuns, when he received a letter from Lord Winnington, expressing great concern that concurring

circumstances had taken place which obliged him for some time to defer his intended tour; and, as it was impossible for them to meet at Nismes, he hoped that a few weeks would give him to his friends at Lutherdale Hall, at which place Mr. Hill and himself were.

Henry was extremely disconcerted by the contents of this letter. His heart was set on the tour to Italy, and, during his residence with the Carmelites, he had studied Italian under the instruction of Father Beti, who was a native of Tuscany.

He flew to Mary to acquaint her with the contents of the letter; whom he found, as he had often done before, with Signora Valeria. They had formed a strong attachment for each other, and constantly pursued their studies together.

When Mary found that her brother was to leave Nismes immediately, and the fond hope she had so long cherished, of seeing Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill, was at once destroyed, her spirits sunk, nor could she receive or return the fraternal parting embrace without tears. She sent by him a letter to her father and mother, a joint

one to his Lordship and Mr. Hill, and a long, very long one to Celina.

Henry began his journey with cheerfulness. He soon shook off the chagrin occasioned by this disappointment, and neither foreboding signs nor ill omens disturbed the tranquility of his mind, nor prevented him from enjoying or remarking on the passing scene.

On his arrival at Lutherdale Hall he found his father confined to his chamber by an alarming illness, attended in the most affectionate manner by Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill. Henry joined his filial care to them.

Never was the sick chamber of a worthy man attended with more solicitous attention; never was husband or father in his declining hours supported and nursed with more tenderness and anxiety.

Mrs. Guraville undertook to prepare the little nourishments ordered, and was indefatigable night and day; frequently was Mr. Hill obliged to be resolute, and insist on her taking necessary rest.



## C H A P. III.

---

O'er the vex'd bosom of the deep,  
When rushing wild with frantic haste;  
The winds with angry pinions sweep  
The surface of the watry waste

---

A FEW weeks after Henry returned, Lord Winnington received a letter from his aunt, who had been for some years resident in the West Indies. She had no knowledge of her nephew but from his letters. She early in life married a gentleman of the name of Pelham, he was the younger son of a man of rank, whose fortune was small and family numerous. The match was deemed by her father an improper one.

The young gentleman possessed but little fortune, but he abundantly possessed every virtue that can render a human being

worthy the name of man. Yet those virtues were obscured ; riches were wanting to make them shine conspicuous.

Riches, like varnish on bad colours, to the vulgar indiscriminating eye, pass the object off for worth and beauty ; while the poor but honest man, like the delicate colouring of the more refined artist, is passed over unnoticed.

Mr. Pelham conceived a virtuous contempt for the unkind parents of his lovely bride, whose spirits visibly sunk under the indignity and neglect she was daily treated with. He resolved to remove her from their power, and wrote to her father informing him of his intention ; adding, that if she remained in England the consequence of their cruel treatment would prove fatal.

This letter was treated with silent contempt, which only confirmed his resolution of immediately going to Antigua, where he had many friends, among whom he knew his Julia would be happy.

When he reflected that for his sake she had forfeited the affection of her parents, it endeared her more tenderly to him, it gave her, if possible, a still stronger claim to his protection ; he therefore en-

deavoured to fulfil the double duties of husband and father.

Every preparation for their voyage was made, when the morning before they left London, Mrs. Pelham wrote a submissive letter to her parents, begging for an interview and their blessing, both of which were denied in an answer the most cruel.

Mrs. Pelham left England under the greatest depression of spirits ; but, by the tender attentions of her kind husband, and the changing scene, they were soon raised to their wonted elevation.

Mr. Pelham on his arrival met his usual friendly reception. Mrs. Pelham, to love her, it was but requisite to *see* her. Mr. Pelham resigned the command of his ship Abeona, which he had held for some years ; it was dearer to him than all the world, except his Julia, for whose sake alone he gave up the command, and commenced merchant.

Prosperity blessed his endeavours. In a few years he acquired riches and power, and was esteemed one of the most respectable men on the island.

Mrs. Pelham had two brothers. William, the eldest, then was, and had been for some time, residing in Spain for the recovery of his health ; the youngest was

making the tour of Europe. On his return, finding his sister was absolutely discarded, and loaded with invectives by both father and mother, he was determined to judge of the crime she had committed by a personal knowledge of her husband.

He accordingly, though much against his father's will, took his passage in the first ship bound to Antigua. His sister received him with sincerest joy, and Mr. Pelham in the most friendly manner.—Every day gave Mr. Winnington new and indubitable proofs of the worth of his character, and in short time the two brothers vowed a lasting friendship for each other; which was soon more strongly cemented by an intermarriage, for on Mr. Winnington's return to England he presented to his father a new daughter-in-law, a first cousin of Mr. Pelham, who, to oblige Mrs. Pelham, left England with them, and for whom Mr. Robert Winnington soon formed an attachment.

His lordship was much disconcerted at this second mark of disobedience in his children. At first he talked high, and threatened much, which the young gentleman treated with indifference. In, fact the old lord and lady felt at times some little uneasiness in having, by their unjustifiable

conduct, caused their daughter to quit her native land ; and, knowing their son Robert to possess an independent spirit, feared least he should return to his sister.

In a short time the rigour of their resentment began to soften, and very soon they appeared to be reconciled ; but, as they received their son into favour, their enmity to their daughter increased ; and they declared, that his marriage was planned by the wicked Julia and her husband ! which they would never forgive ! that she should for ever feel their vengeance !

In less than a twelvemonth after Robert's marriage, his brother William returned in perfect health, which gave considerable delight to his Lordship ; it being an event he much wished, though he had feared would never take place, for on him rested all his hopes.

His spleen and rancour against Robert returned, and he indulged it in the utmost extreme. About this time Mrs. Winington presented her husband with a son. He ran in the fullness of his joy to acquaint his father ; and requested the favour of his company at the baptism ; and

wished he would name what his grandson should be called.

“ I care not,” replied he, “ what he is called ! Any thing but my grandson ! I hate the whole family of the Pelhams ! and may my curses fall heavy on their heads !”

Robert stood aghast.

“ I have accepted an appointment abroad, and before I leave England I shall sell my estates. I am resolved that not one inch of my land shall ever be enjoyed by any of the blood of the Pelhams ! My son William has consented to go with me, which makes me perfectly happy. I shall have him under my eye, and will direct him in the choice of a wife. In his heirs I shall preserve the dignity of my family. As to yourself and Julia, I discard and disown ! The fortune left you by your grandmother, you must have ; but not a farthing from me !”

Mr. Winnington heard all with firmness ; but the curses called down on his wife and infant son still filled him with horror. The remembrance in a great degree softened the grief he would have felt at parting with a father he once tenderly loved, and even now felt an anxiety for.

The brothers took an affectionate leave of each other. A sincere fraternal love had always subsisted between them. William had often pleaded his brother's cause, but in vain, till forbid by his father, on pain of his displeasure, from ever naming him again.

They left England in a few weeks after this interview, and poor Lady Winnington died soon after they arrived abroad.

About two years after his father's departure, Mr. Robert Winnington received a letter from his sister, informing him that Mr. Pelham had for some time been indisposed with a constant pain in his stomach; it was much feared he was in a declining state. He was calm and resigned. Expressed no wish but one, which with she hoped he would comply with—the happiness of once more seeing him and Mrs. Winnington.

As they both felt an equal desire to administer that consolation in their power to their worthy relative, they left the young Robert to the care of a nurse, whose conduct was superintended by Mr. Brown, an intimate friend.

On their arrival they found Mr. Pelham in extreme bad health. His disorder fluctuated, and at times was flattering.

They staid eight months with their friends; when Mrs. Winnington, thinking that the duties of a mother called for her home, and wishing most ardently to see her dear boy, intreated her brother and sister to return with them to England.

She held out, as a strong inducement, that the air of his native land would re-establish his health; but in vain. Nothing could prevail on him to leave Antigua, he had formed a local attachment. His long ill health had made him indolent, and he found an objection to offer to all their propositions and arguments which they could not outweigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Winnington bid an affectionate and reluctant farewell to their brother and sister. Left Antigua, looking forward with fond delight to the moment when they should embrace their child; in the praise of whose infantine beauty Mr. Brown had been lavish in his last letter.

How fragile is human happiness—on what do we rest our joys? For what do we feel our sorrows? when the omnium of all our earthly bliss is centered in frail mortals!—Our bosoms are continually lacerated by unexpected ills: our hearts ever in an aspin-like state, shake alternately by the warm



breeze of hope, and the cold blast of fear. How often do we anticipate joys we never feel, though apparently approaching towards us.

Mr. and Mrs. Winnington enjoyed charming weather; nothing blew but favourable gales for the first fortnight; when suddenly a dreadful storm arose, which the vessel weathered for some time, but at last sunk! and yielded many a worthy man to the rapacious sea.

Mr. Brown had been anxiously for many days expecting their arrival. At last he received a letter with the Deal post-mark, which he judged to be the messenger of welcome tidings; but when he read the sad account of their death, a cold horror seized his heart! and sent its icy streams to his extremities!

The letter was from a Captain Lug, who sailed with them, and whose ship suffered much.

He felt their deaths in the inmost recesses of his soul, and secretly vowed to be a father to the infant orphan, unless Mrs. Pelham should express a wish to have him sent to her.

He then wrote to inform her of the sad fate of her brother and sister. Her answer

was expressive of the deepest sorrow for their loss, and the tenderest regard for her nephew, of whom she begged to have frequent accounts.

Mr. Pelham's health was visibly affected by the melancholy end of two friends he so tenderly regarded. For his cousin he ever felt the purest love, and his friendship for his brother-in-law was of the most exalted nature.

In a few months after, Mrs. Pelham had the melancholy, but long expected office, of closing the eyes of the kindest husband and best of men.

A constant correspondence continued between Mr. Brown and Mrs. Pelham, till death snatched from him his infant charge, about three weeks after the death of his parents.

Mrs. Pelham frequently corresponded with her brother William after the death of Robert ; and afterwards with Lady Winnington, while she resided at Richmond, when the common leveller of all mankind robbed the world of this worthy woman. Mrs. Pelham continued to enquire of Mr. Hill accounts of her only relative ; and when his Lordship was capable of writing he constantly paid his respects to his aunt. And by this aunt he was now

summoned to receive from her hands her will, and to pay the last sad duties due to a departing friend.

Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill were equally distressed at being obliged to leave Lutherdale Hall while Mr. Guraville lay in so uncertain a state, but the request of so worthy a woman could not be denied. She was his father's sister, and deservedly loved by him.

Mr. Hill and his Lordship took a melancholy leave of Mr. Guraville and family.—Bitter indeed was the parting between his Lordship and Henry; most ardently did he wish for his company, but dared not ask it. He could not think of the distressed state of Mrs. Guraville's mind and take from her her only support; he shrunk from the selfish idea.

He desired Henry would write often, and repose all his cares in his bosom.—“Be open and communicative, my dear Henry. Remember that *reserve* is *inimical* to *true friendship*. At all times you may command my purse and interest.”

## C H A P. IV.

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The new made widow too I've sometimes spy'd,  
Sad sight, slow moving o'er the prostrate dead.  
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,  
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,  
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.

BLAIR.

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**H**ENRY wrote frequently to his sister, informing her of the sad progress of his father's illness, and each letter gave her less hope of his recovery.

On their arrival at Antigua his Lordship wrote Henry an account of their safe voyage; that he found his aunt in a declining state of health, yet it was the opinion of the physician that she might live a few months. He found her a most amiable woman, and though sinking under pain and debility, she bore it with a fortitude and resignation that none but the most exalted character could assume. That how-

ever he might wish to be at Lutherdale Hall his duty obliged him to remain with his aunt.

Mr. Guraville's strength daily decreased, and his end was visibly approaching. Not Mrs. Guraville's fond attention ! nor Henry's filial love ! could arrest the arm of death ! In nine weeks after their friends' departure this justly lamented man drew his last breath in the arms of his son.

The direction of the funeral, and settling of the necessary affairs, devolved upon Henry.

Mrs. Guraville's grief was poignant, tho' silent. She was severely sensible of her loss ; yet she bore it with the resignation and dignity of a Christian. After the first severe shock was over, her feelings were in some degree tranquillized ; a deep melancholy marked her features ; in her soft desponding eye was read the story of the grief that was printed indelibly on her heart.

The whole tenor of her conduct was such as shewed, that while she sincerely lamented the loss of a worthy husband, she bowed with pious resignation to the divine will.

The last duties were performed, and the corpse committed to its mother earth,

Henry's tender care and assiduity, and the innocent prattle of the beautiful Eliza, cheered the gloomy hours of Mrs. Guraville. Time, that never-failing reconciler to the strange, and sometimes apparently cruel, dispensations of Providence, lost not its effects on her. She ever paid the utmost love and respect to the memory of her husband, and sacredly kept her vow of widowhood ; yet was she above the false arts of many modern widows, who measure the depth of their grief by the tears they shed.

Mrs. Guraville consulted with Henry the plan of their future life, as nothing now remained but Lutherdale estate for their support.

Henry, after much hesitation, declared it was his wish to purchase a commission in the army ; assured her that, while she lived, he never should consider the estate as his.

Mrs. Guraville heard him with painful surprise, and urged many objections against his plan ; though in fact her reason approved of it, yet her heart sunk at the idea.

“ Can you, my dear Henry,” said she, “ can you feel a wish to leave me and your little Eliza. With economy, here is yet

enough for all. You can manage the estate, which employment will be a source both of health and pleasure. I have for some years learnt to regulate my wishes to my income, and have daily found the utility of the knowledge."

"You surely, my dear Madam," said Henry, "cannot wish me to loiter away my days in these woods and meadows. I am ignorant of agriculture, and am by no means capable of managing the estate. In Woodman you have every thing—he must be retained. He has proved a true and faithful servant, a sincere friend, and just steward. Why should that time be passed in idleness that I can employ so much to my advantage? Let me go, my dear Madam! I will with my sword cut out an honourable independance; then will I sit by your side, shew you my wounds, and exult at my good fortune and past perils!"

The worthy Woodman was called in to assist at one of these debates, as soon as he was able to leave his bed, to which he had been confined ever since his master's funeral.

This worthy Mentor felt a glow of rapture rush from his honest heart, and suffuse

his aged cheek, when he heard the noble resolve of Henry.

“ Go, my gallant minded boy,” said the venerable old man, while a tear of regret rolled silently down his furrowed cheek, “ go, my dear Henry, and gain honour and glory : transmit with honour to posterity the worthy name of Guraville.”

“ Give me your hand, my second father,” cried Henry, “ your bosom glows with sentiments similar to my own.”

“ Will you yet, my dear mother,” taking her hand and gently pressing it to his lips, “ will you refuse your consent ? Can you with the son you love so tenderly should waste his youth in unprofitable indolence ? and, while he deprives you of a great part of a very small income, will draw on himself the censure of the world as an unthinking idler.

Mrs. Guraville could no longer withhold her consent ; but expressed a wish that he would consult Lord Winnington and Mr. Hill. To this Henry objected, as he well knew his Lordship’s sentiments on that subject.

“ I have wrote,” said he, “ to both an account of my father’s death ; but did not intrude our domestic affairs on them.”

As Mrs. Guraville was obliged to go to



London to administer to Mr. Guraville's will, and receive the arrears due to him from the place he held, Henry accompanied her with the intention of purchasing a lieutenancy. Mrs. Guraville wrote to Mr. Morley, begging he would put things in a proper train, and forward the sale of her goods in the town house; that she must be obliged to him for a bed during her stay.

Celina, though oppressed with grief for her father's troubles, as well as for the death of Mr. Guraville, felt that the promised visit would act as a cordial to her spirits.

She made every preparation in her power, and laid out her father's little house to the best advantage to receive her friends.

Mrs. Guraville and her son were received with unfeigned joy by Mr. Morley and Celina. The first evening passed melancholy and slow. The recent death of Mr. Guraville hung on their minds: the one party could not help enquiring, nor the other from relating the particulars of that lamented event; the subject suited the sombre cast of their minds.

The next day Mrs. Guraville's attention was too much engrossed by her own affairs to observe the great change in Celina's spirits, or the absent state of mind from

which Mr. Morley was sometimes roused by his daughter; but the quick eye of Henry soon saw the change, which he at first hoped was only occasioned by the late melancholy event in his family.

He watched Celina with the scrutinizing eye of friendly solicitude, and soon discovered that it was something nearer her heart which sunk her spirits, and forced the involuntary sigh.

For several days did he anxiously watch for an opportunity of asking her the cause of this sad alteration, but Celina studiously avoided being alone with him.

One day, however, proved favourable to his wishes when he least expected it. Mrs. Guraville and Mr. Morley being engaged the whole day did not dine at home, which Henry was not acquainted with, as he went out early to breakfast with the gentleman with whom he was treating for his lieutenancy.

He returned about the hour of dinner, and was agreeably surprised to find Celina alone. During dinner the conversation turned on common topics. When the cloth was removed, Henry endeavoured to draw her into discourse on herself by many indirect questions; but to all she gave evasive answers. Henry determined not to lose

his opportunity of learning from Celina's lips the cause of her visible disquiet.

"Pardon, Celina, the liberty I am about to take; I wish not to appear impertinently curious, yet rather than endure the torture of conjecture and doubt, I now presume on the rights of friendship, and seek your confidence farther than you appear inclined to give me."

"To what," said Celina, looking all astonishment, "does your preamble tend?"

"To a kind, though you may call it a rude question: it is stimulated by the purest motives; and I conjure you, by the love you bear my dear Mary! to answer me ingenuously!"

Celina sighed.

"The interest I feel in all that concerns you, causes me thus to infringe on the common rules of politeness, and dive into the inmost recesses of your heart! There, I fear, lays a corroding care, and you cruelly deny me a participation. My power is circumscribed, but my inclination to serve you is unbounded.

"Tell me, my dear Celina," tenderly taking her hand, "why do you thus secretly mourn! Ease my anxious bosom! your own may also find relief. If a disappointed attachment is the cause, my advice may be

of service ; but if, as I suspect, it is occasioned by any derangement in your father's affairs, rely on every exertion in my power."

Here he touched the string on which hung all her woes ! The big tear rolled down her cheek—convulsive sighs heaved her bosom !

Henry was alarmed ; his feelings were nearly as painful as her own. Celina endeavoured to compose herself, and, after some agitated struggles, thus addressed him :

" I feel easier, my dear friend ! since by my tears I have tacitly acknowledged the grief that preys on my spirits. It is no selfish fear that pervades my breast : I am young, and I hope have fortitude to sustain his sad reverse.

" For my dear father alone do I feel the most acute distress ! Shall I live to see him a wretched wanderer ? Must he, who, from his infancy, has enjoyed every comfort in the greatest abundance, be thrown on the cold bosom of charity ? And when he tells his sad tale, to excite the niggard pittance from the flinty hand of opulence, be branded with the name of idler ! impostor ! or at least have the odium of misconduct cast on him."

Here the dark picture she had drawn enveloped her mind. So acutely did she feel her father's sufferings, which she beheld in perspective, that she sunk back in her chair in an agony.

After a silence of some minutes, during which Henry's manly heart could not restrain the tear of pitying friendship from obtruding, she thus resumed:—

“How shall I relate to you that, in a few weeks, my father must quit this house, and be driven, God knows where! A respectable house in the city failing a few months since, in which he had a large sum of money, has shook his credit to its basis.

“Since then a vessel bound to Rotterdam, in which he had goods to the amount of eleven thousand pounds, consigned to Mynheer van Mierhoy, is lost. Such misfortunes are hard to struggle with; and very hard for a man advanced in years, whose happiness is centered in an only daughter, for whom alone he wished to have accumulated a little independence. The great loss he sustained about three years ago hurt his spirits for a time: he contracted his expences, and his frugality and zealous endeavours were blest with suc-

cess; the loss was soon forgotten, yet he never enlarged the contracted plan of his living. My father wears a face of placid serenity, while his heart is oppressed with the keenest affliction.

“ He would hide his misfortunes from his friends—from the world ; though no blame can be attached to him. For this reason he is ever indefatigable in your mother’s affairs, that she may return before we are obliged to leave this house.”

“ It is unkind in him,” said Henry, “ not to give his friends an opportunity of assisting him ; in doing which he would confer on them an obligation.

“ You have not, my dear Celina, enjoined me to secrecy ; yet I feel I am not at liberty to speak, even to my mother, of this event, without your permission. I hope you will not yield so far to a false delicacy as to impose silence on me.”

“ You have, Henry, my consent to act as you please. What ever you do, I am persuaded will be prompted by the kindest motive. I am not ashamed of the poverty I am fallen into, but I own, I dread it ; nor does my father wish to conceal it from motives of pride, but from feelings that possess too much sensibility.”

Celina's eyes were much inflamed by her tears; Henry advised her to retire to her room, and endeavour by a little sleep to compose her spirits.

Henry, in the intermediate time, was revolving in his mind the fate of Celina, and her father. Never till this morning did he envy Lord Winnington his riches.

This instant did his heart expand with the wish of extricating Mr. Morley and his amiable daughter from their difficulties; it then sunk into despondency at the recollection of his inability. In this unpleasant state of mind his mother and Mr. Morley found him on their return.

Nor did Celina waste one moment in sleep when retired to the chamber; her mind was agitated by a thousand doubts, fears, and hopes. The late conversation with Henry disturbed her; she thought—she feared—she saw in his manner a tenderness she never before had observed. She saw he was lovely; she felt he was amiable; but she felt it only with the tender admiration of a sister; she loved him sincerely, but it was a pure platonic love, that revolted at the idea of a more tender relation.

“ I hope, sighed she to herself, that

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Henry feels the same affection for me; I wish to hold a place in his esteem; nay, I would be loved equally with his Mary! But should he entertain a hope of being regarded by me in a tenderer light, one or other of us must be unhappy."

Her thoughts then reverted to Edward Elliston, a young man with whom Mr. Morley transacted much business, and who was often at his house.

Edward, on being first introduced to Celina, was struck with the elegance of her person and manners, but after a few weeks acquaintance he discovered the beauties of her mind.

The refined delicacy of her sentiments charmed him. At first, his visits were only as business or chance directed, and his respects paid to Celina as the etiquette of politeness required; though he only went to see, he involuntarily remained to love.

Edward's love for Celina was not the growth of a few hours; it was not excited by the beauties of her person, and fanned into a flame by a lively levity, and a careless gaiety of manners.

His affection was the offspring of friendship, nursed by sense and reason, and raised to maturity by a full conviction of the worth and amiableness of its object.



Celina felt for Edward a reciprocal affection; her heart told her he was the only man whose friendship and society was essential to its happiness. In his conversation she ever found inexpressible delight: yet did she allow herself that pleasure but, seldom, and never voluntarily but in the presence of her father: when unavoidable she saw him, without the presence of any third person, she always found means of rendering his visits short. f

She justly thought that a fond forward behaviour, or even too easily giving up her time to his company, would disgust a man of sentiment, at least the man who possessed sentiments such as she approved.

Yet Celina's was not false delicacy, she candidly acknowledged to the amiable Edward the impression his accomplishments and virtues had made on her heart; but there was a tender distance in her manner, a soft dignity in her love, that inspired him with admiration and awe; he was confident he held the first place in her esteem, yet dared not presume beyond the limits of common friendship.

During the derangement of Mr. Morley's affairs, Edward was active and solicitous to render him every service and perhaps he owed the security of several

hundred pounds to his indefatigable attention; he then saw Celina in a most trying situation, yet he saw her actively industrious, lively and good humoured: in her father's presence she wore not the marks of grief or discontent.

When alone, or with Edward, she sometimes gave way to her tears; the relief they gave to her disguised feelings was of the most salutary nature: nor did Edward ever attempt to restrain them. He looked!—he felt!—he loved! It was then Celina appeared in all her natural perfections; it was then she secretly felt the want of an independence.

He feared much from the extreme delicacy of Mr. Morley's feelings, and the distress he sometimes evinced before him, that his health would suffer, and that Celina would shortly, like himself, be left an orphan—with this difference, she had no kind uncle to protect her.

After the arrival of Mrs. Guraville and Henry at Mr. Morley's, Edward felt sensations which till then were strangers to his heart. When in company with Henry and Celina, he was gloomy and thoughtful; when absent, restless and uneasy. If he called at Mr. Morley's and found them together, it added to that tormenting some-

thing that distressed him ; but, if he found her alone, his tranquillity returned, and he felt himself the happiest man on earth.

Having for sometime felt this uneasiness at his heart, these sudden and uncomfortable changes of temper, he determined, if possible, to develop the cause. After a nice investigation, he discovered it was that unmanly despicable passion, jealousy, that had taken possession of his mind. He shuddered at the idea, and was shocked at the injustice he did Celina, whom he knew to be too amiable and worthy to deserve such gross suspicions.

“ When I first asked permission to pay my addresses to her, did she not deliberate long before she gave her consent? My attentions were not received with the avidity of a vain female, happy to drag after her a train of admirers. Did she not hold long consultations with her heart, and draw, from her father’s opinion, and my general character in the world, her estimate of my worth? And can a woman who acts thus delicately open, with such deliberate circumspection, be suspected of coquetry? No ! my Celina can never trifle with the feelings of a man who so tenderly loves her.”

Thus did he reason, and thus did he do justice to the irreproachable conduct of Celina.

On this young man were Celina's thoughts engaged, when she was summoned to attend the tea table. She looked ill; Mrs. Guraville enquired the cause: Celina denied the supposition. Mr. Morley looked at her tenderly, but remained silent. Henry went to the piano forte, played some lively airs, and all were apparently cheerful.

When they retired for the night, Henry's thoughts again reverted to Celina; anxious friendship drove sleep from his eyes—the heavy hours of night appeared to linger on their leaden wings. He arose early, and as soon as he heard his mother moving in her chamber, knocked for admittance.

After a short preface, he told her what he had learnt from Celina. Mrs. Guraville listened to the account with feelings not to be described; her friend, Mr. Morley, she esteemed as a brother, and for Celina she felt almost a mother's fondness.

“Something, my Henry,” said she, “must be done for the amiable Celina. How ardently do I wish to make this worthy

man independent; but, alas! what avails the wish without the power to assist him.

“ I will immediately write to Mr. Hill an account of Mr. Morley’s misfortunes, and you, my dear son, at the same time may write to Lord Winnington; their hearts and purses are ever open to the unfortunate. How would Mr. Hill be grieved, that his friend should feel an inconvenience which it is in his power to remove, and he ignorant of it.”

They were disturbed by a summons to breakfast, at which Celina appeared more cheerful than the evening before; Mr. Morley was absent as usual.

Mrs. Guraville was out the greatest part of the day. Henry had appointed to wait on the agent to pay for his lieutenancy.—Mr. Morley passed his morning in the counting-house, and his creditors waited on him respecting his affairs.

Mr. Morley was a man of honour—so had he men of honour to deal with. He laid before them his books; they were all convinced he was a man the most equitable in his transactions. They wished to compromise his affairs, but he insisted on giving up all his effects; accordingly he was made a bankrupt, and each creditor was eager to sign the certificate.

When dinner was over, Mrs. Guraville made an attempt to enter into discourse on his situation ; but a delicate fear of offending arrested the speech on her lips.

Two days after, the post brought a letter to Mr. Morley from Mynheer van Mierhop, advising him to settle his affairs as soon as possible, and come to Rotterdam, as he had a proposal to make of a very advantageous nature ; that he wished him to be an inmate with him for some time, and that he doubted not but in a short time all things would be well, at least, his power should be exerted to render them so.

Mr. Morley was well acquainted with Mynheer van Mierhop, having past much of their youth together at school, and afterwards in a merchant's house in the city, previous to his settling at Rotterdam ; he knew him to have imbibed much of the English sincerity of manners while living in England ; how much he had degenerated since his return to his native country, he could not judge ; he had ever found him frank and open in his dealings, and he was willing to believe the best, and still to hold him up as a prodigy of his country.

As Mr. Morley was reading the letter Mrs Guraville entered the room ; she saw him intent on the paper, and would have retired, when he requested her to walk in.

“ I have, Madam, a matter of great importance to consult you on, if you will honour me with your attention and advice.”

“ You are sensible, Mr. Morley, of my anxious wish to serve and oblige you at all times ; so no more preface.”

Mr. Morley then related the whole of his misfortunes from the moment he first entered the commercial world, to the day he received Mynheer van Mierhop's letter, on which he asked her advice, after giving, to the best of his knowledge, the true outlines of his character.

“ My advice is, that you should take a trip to Rotterdam ; for doing which you have two objects in view, that of proving your friend, and by a sea voyage and change of air to re-establish your health : if that country proves disagreeable, you can soon return to your friends here.”

“ But, what shall I do ?—

“ I know what you would ask, and hope I anticipate your wishes when I say, that I will take the lovely Celina under my pro-

tection until your return, or think proper to send for her. She shall go with me to Lutherdale Hall and fill my dear Mary's place; she will be a daughter to me, and a sister to Eliza."

"I thankfully accept your offer, my dear Madam. To leave my daughter under your care will make me perfectly happy; that Celina will be highly delighted with the asylum offered I may venture to affirm. I will go and inform her of the purport of my friend Mynheer's letter, my determination, and your kind offer."

Mr. Morley found Celina and Henry at the piano forte: soon after he entered Henry arose to withdraw, but Mr Morley prevented him.

"Stop, my young friend, and assist me in an arduous task."

Henry bowed, and looked surprised.

"You must prevail on Celina to part with me for a short time."

"How, my dear father, part?"

"Yes, my child, we must part for a short time. Read that letter and you will learn my purpose. My absence you will feel. Our worthy friend Mrs. Guraville has offered you her protection till my return."



A thrill of exquisite pleasure ran through Henry's veins, and vibrated on his heart.—“What am I to understand, Sir?” asked he, with a look expressive of pleasure and doubt.

“Read the letter aloud, Celina, and by that, my Henry, you will be informed of what to me is painful to relate.”

Celina obeyed: Henry listened with anxious attention. When she had concluded, the paper fell from her hand, and she sunk in her chair, overcome by grief and surprise. Celina was not one of those fine ladies who faint at the sight of a mouse, or fall into hysterics if a spider crossed her path; yet, to part with her father under such circumstances, to be left a dependant on the bounty of friends, was more than her weak spirits could bear. When she recovered from the shock the letter gave her, and had somewhat collected her thoughts, she enquired minutely into the business, and she soon saw the necessity of her father's accepting Mynheer van Mierhop's offer.

“My dear father, to part with you is the severest of all my sorrows; but if it is for our future benefit I must submit. I feel the warmest gratitude towards Mrs. Gura-

ville for her kindness to me : no where shall I be so happy during your absence."

" My dear Celina, the obligation is reciprocal : I felicitate my mother on the happy addition to her family, though I sincerely lament the cause. (Mr. Morley bowed and sighed.) How will your company cheer her hours ! How dreary would her situation at Lutherdale be on her return, bereft of all her soul holds dear, except the lovely Eliza. I must remain in London to attend the duties of my commission ; I am but a young soldier, and it is indispensibly necessary for me to apply myself to the manual exercise, and the study of military tactics."

The more Celina reflected on her approaching change, the more she was reconciled to it. The day after Mynheer Van Mierhop's letter arrived, Edward made his accustomed visit, when Mr. Morley informed him of his intention of going to Rotterdam. He heard it with the utmost surprise ; it had a visible effect on all his faculties. He stood for some minutes motionless as a statue ; when, after many struggles, he articulated, " And where will Celina go ? With you, I fear."

" No, Edward, she will not go with me ; but why do you fear it ?"

“ Now, Sir, there is no time to be lost—I have a duty to perform which has long laid heavy on my heart, and which nothing but a just sense of my inferiority could have prevented me from performing before ; but your present determination urges me to seize this, perhaps, only moment of endeavouring to secure to myself a right I have long wished and sighed for. My dependent state chills the fond hope of my heart ; it were presumption to speak my wishes, did not my future peace demand it !

“ In your absence your lovely daughter will want a guardian. Did I possess an independence I would ask the right of protecting her ! it would authorise the request ; though, thanks to my kind uncle, those means are within my view, they are not yet within my attainment.

“ What I now ask, is permission to visit Miss Morley : if I am fortunate enough to obtain your consent, I shall feel most happy in so gratifying a mark of your esteem.”

Mr. Morley listened attentively to this speech, delivered with evident embarrassment ; yet, notwithstanding his repressive diffidence, Mr. Morley read in the fine expressive eyes of Edward, the tender effusions of his soul.

“ The partiality you profess for my daughter is by no means displeasing to me. From my long intimacy with you, I have had various opportunities of discovering the manly virtues you possess : the innate goodness of your heart I am well acquainted with. A few months ago, the hope of your making a part of my family would have rendered me happy ; but now, Edward, I must decline the honour.

“ Your uncle, whose heir you will be, hopes to see you married to a woman of fortune ; nor can I give him, or the world, reason to censure my conduct. It would be a breach of honour and justice to suffer the nephew and heir of my rich friend Sterling to enter into a tender engagement with the beggared Celina !”

“ Use not such language, my dear Sir ! Celina a beggar ? That can never be while I have life ! But why do I talk of myself, whose power is so limited ; but I have the happiness to know that she has many friends, who have both the will and abilities to serve her. Such are her fascinating manners, that she need but be seen to create them, and when once created, so irresistible are the charms of her friendship, one can withdraw themselves from it. .

“ I have every thing to hope from my uncle’s affection : kindly indulgent to the whims of my childhood—equally solicitous to gratify the more manly sports of my youth ; and even now awish, but half expressed, he never fails to realize it, if in his power.

“ Surely in a matter of such moment to my happiness as the choice of a wife, he will not interfere. Such is my reliance on his exertions to complete my felicity, that were he in town I would now intreat him to plead my cause !”

“ I am sensible,” said Mr. Morley, “ your uncle feels for you the affection of a parent.—I doubt not but he takes pleasure in gratifying all your wishes ; but, believe me, in an affair of such importance you will find he has a will to be consulted.

“ Your marriage is an event on which he has built, for some years past, his dearest hopes. He will have for his niece some woman of large fortune ; in his opinion, there is nothing so essential to happiness in the married state as money.”

“ Has my uncle ever said so ? Did he he ever hint to you what woman he had fixed on ?”

“ He once told me he hoped to see you allied to some rich family, and I think it will be so.”

“ May Heaven avert it ! I will do and suffer every thing to oblige my uncle, but give my hand to a woman that possesses not my heart, and that Celina has been for some time the object of its devotion I now declare. She is the first woman for whom it ever felt a predilection, and so firm is its attachment that death alone can shake or remove it !”

“ Your candour, my young friend, gives me pleasure. I rely on your prudence and honour to act with propriety ; let me intreat you to do nothing without the consent of your uncle. Remember you owe to him all the duty a child can owe to a parent ; he has performed every paternal office for you. My Celina is all obedience. Let it not be said she was the cause of disobedience in you.”

“ Then you will permit me to visit ?”

“ Not without your uncle’s approbation ; nor will Celina remain in London. Mrs. Guraville has kindly invited her to stay at Lutherdale Hall till my return.”

At this information Edward’s fears took the alarm. He already saw Henry his happy

rival ; his heart sickened at the prospect !  
“ At Lutherdale Hall ! ” sighed he.

“ Yes ; I know no woman on earth to whose care I can with so much satisfaction intrust my dear child. Ah ! Edward, you are not a father ! you know not a father’s feelings on leaving a dear and only daughter desolate and dependent. I leave her, I trust, with faithful friends ; but she has no claim on them but that of friendship—no tie of consanguinity to plead her helpless cause ; yet, on that account, I feel little regret. There is sometimes, ah ! but too often, no reliance to be placed on ties of blood ; frequently do we see the father forget his son ! and the child its parent ! Daily do we see in nature the most unnatural ingratitude.”

“ I feel happy in the protection offered my daughter ; she is my dear, my only treasure !

“ Believe me, Edward,” said the distressed father, pressing his hand, and laying his head on his shoulder, “ believe me, beggared as I am ! I have yet a treasure left that makes me richer than a childless king ! ”

Edward’s whole frame was severely agitated ; he could scarcely support his trembling friend ; his own feelings required all

the resolution he was master of to support. Mr. Morley's distress—his tears—his tender mentions of Celina, quite overpowered him. After struggling long with contending passions, he uttered a deep sigh, almost amounting to a groan.

“ She is indeed a treasure ! my heart has long felt it ; it has long felt for her the tenderest affection, which Heaven must approve ! Promise, my dear, my respected friend, at some future period to transfer that adorable treasure to me ! I live but for her. It will be the constant study of my life to render myself worthy of her.”

“ How can I make such a promise ? I hold no power over Celina's inclinations ; I may counsel and advise, but I will not direct her choice. She has sufficient discretion to judge for herself. That man falls from the tender character of father, and takes upon him that of the worst of tyrants, who insists on a child making such a sacrifice ! He must hold them as mere instruments to the gratification of his whims or vanity, and can feel no regard for their happiness here or hereafter. When she has made her choice, I will endeavour to approve it.”

“ I thank you, Sir. You have now made me perfectly happy, by thus candidly



speaking your sentiments. I flatter myself that I am not indifferent to Miss Morley ; I hope to be honoured with your approbation, and that from this moment you will look on me as your future son-in-law."

" Not so fast, my young friend ; I must hear this declaration from Celina herself, before I can make any other promise or profession than that I am your sincere friend."

" You have said enough, Sir ; I am content, and I trust, when you interrogate Miss Morley on the subject you will be so too."

Mr. Morley pressed Edward's hand, and led the way to the drawing-room, where they found Mrs. Guraville, Henry, and Celina.

## CHAP. V.

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The tenderest sorrow swell'd her breast,  
Her filial tears they flow'd ;  
His fate she mourned in deep distress,  
With heart rend sighs aloud.

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EDWARD appeared at dinner in better spirits than usual. Henry, though he had often seen Mr. Ellistone, had never passed many minutes in his company at a time, he was much pleased with his conversation, and as Celina was busy preparing for her father's, and her own departure, and Mrs. Guraville kindly assisting her, they agreed to pass the evening together at the theatre; and from that time they were on the strictest terms of intimacy while Henry remained in London.

The next evening Mrs. Guraville and Henry being from home, Mr. Morley seized the opportunity of relating to Celina

the substance of his conversation with Edward.

She frankly acknowledged to her father, that she felt the tenderest esteem for him; that though she had never made him her confidant, yet she hoped he would not deem it a breach of duty; she certainly should have done so, had not his momentous affairs for some time turned her thoughts, in a great measure, from herself.

“ I have, my dear father, more than once examined my heart, and each time has only convinced me it is Edward's friend; but, believe me, no secret visits have been admitted; no promises have been made on either side. I have not so far forgot my duty as to accept the promise of his hand without your concurrence. I feel for Edward a sincere attachment; but that attachment, however strong, shall never force me to forget the duty I owe to the best and most indulgent of parents.”

“ No, my child, the exalted idea you have of your duty, and the incomparable instances you have shewn of filial love, demand my concurrence in all your wishes, so long as those wishes are regulated by prudence and reason.

“In this case, I have no objection to offer, but some advice to give, which I intreat you to attend to. In the first place, I must acknowledge that Edward is an unexceptionable young man; and so far as relates to the elegance of his person, his mental accomplishments, and the rectitude and integrity of his character, the choice does honour to your judgment; but when you reflect on his situation in life, prudence forbids that passion to be encouraged which may end in disappointment, and most likely will.

“Edward lost both his parents in his infancy, and from that moment his uncle has protected him with the tenderest care; and to him Edward owes (if possible) a duty far exceeding that due from a child to a parent, which I hope he will always bear in mind. The full knowledge I have of Mr. Sterling's character awakened my fears for future happiness. One evening, about two years ago, he was speaking to me of his nephew.

“There, Mr. Morley, said he, there lays all my pleasure and happiness—in Edward is centered all my present delight and future hopes. If the boy continues the same diligent, dutiful child he has ever been, I shall be the happiest man on earth. I hope some day to match him with a girl

of fortune ; a few thousands, Mr. Morley, is no bad thing ; and in these days of extravagance, a woman ought to bring her husband a good round sum, to enable him to indulge her in all her whims.

“ There must be a visit to Bath in the Winter, Tunbridge Wells in Spring, and Brighton in Summer—enough to ruin a man. However, Ned shall marry a girl that has no idea of pleasure beyond a ride to some tea gardens on a Sunday, and one evening spent at Vauxhall in a Summer ; but she must have money. Mr. Morley, nothing is to be done without money.”

“ By this you may judge of his real character ; so long as Edward is perfectly obedient his uncle will be kind ; but be assured, if in the choice of a wife, or in any other affair of consequence, he should act contrary to his wishes, his displeasure will be deep and lasting ; he is naturally of an overbearing disposition, impatient of controul, and extremely tenacious of the respect due to himself from his inferiors.

“ Upwards of sixty years, my Celina, has Mr. Stirling lived in this world, forty of which he has not been accountable to any one for his conduct ; his churlish

temper, and heavy, plodding, money getting principles, drove from him the softer part of the creation.

“ He never was blessed with a wife to polish his manners ; no fair companion to converse with, by which his ideas could have been enlarged, and his sentiments rendered more liberal. In him the soft affections, the sweet harmony of the human soul ! are drowned, swallowed up, in the most disgraceful of desires—the desire of gain.

“ I am certain, that neither the present, nor future happiness of Edward (who, I am sure, he loves better than all the world beside), would be a consideration, if it came in competition with interest. What can you hope from a man so enveloped in the world ? No pleading of Edward’s, no description of the tender passion, could move him. His breast is callous to all the finer movements of the soul ; no sympathetic tear dimmed his eye—no sigh ever heaved his breast, drawn forth by a tale of sorrow ! The breast that never glowed with the noble passion, love ! can never feel for, or pity its sad effects in others.

“ For these reasons, my child, do I wish both you and Edward to check the grow-

ing attachment, at least for the present. You are both young, and should kind heaven crown my anxious endeavours with success, a few years may make a great change in my affairs, and may render my Celina, in Mr. Stirling's opinion, more worthy of his nephew."

"You may rely, my dear father, on my utmost exertions to follow your advice. I will, if possible, banish the too engaging Edward from my thoughts, or only think of him as a friend. I shall shortly leave town, he cannot then intrude himself on my time; absence will, I hope, reconcile us to those steps you advise. The task, I feel, will be a hard one;" (here she deeply sighed), "but, my dear father, I see the necessity that it should be so."

Mr. Morley then wrote a long letter to Edward, describing in lively colours the great danger of incurring his uncle's displeasure, if he attempted to address Celina as a lover: recommended to him, as the most prudent step, to drop all correspondence, at least till his affairs had taken such a turn, that he could honourably offer Celina to him as a wife: that he hoped he would see the necessity of acting agreeable to his advice.

Mr. Morley's business was concluded with a greater degree of dispatch than bankrupts in general are. Edward was indefatigable ; nor did he leave Mr. Morley till he left town.

Every thing being ready, Mrs. Guraville proposed to accompany Mr. Morley as far as Harwich ; he felt flattered by the attention Mrs. Guraville paid him, and felt happy in having Celina's company so far on this journey.

They left town at an early hour, but Edward was at the coach door to say farewell to his friend. Never did a more affectionate grasp pass between two friends ; it conveyed the kindest sentiments to each other's soul, and declared more than a thousand protestations.

They arrived at Harwich to an early supper, and found the Packet ready to sail to Helvoetsluys the next day. Celina did not leave her father's side till he went on board, except the hour assigned for rest.

In the afternoon of the next day, they received a message from the captain, informing them that the wind set fair, and he should weigh anchor in half an hour.

Mr. Morley's luggage was sent on board the night before ; he had only to say, adieu !



but that was no easy task—kisses, embraces, and good wishes, were exchanged in the room of the inn. Mr. Morley walked to the sands, Mrs. Guraville and Celina hanging on each arm; Henry followed. At the sea-side their farewells were again repeated; Celina threw her arms round her father's neck, and sobbed out her hopes and fears! The captain grew impatient. Mr. Morley raised her head—pressed her cheek—gave her to Henry, and hastened on board.

They sat down on a plank, that lay on the sand, watched the weighing of the anchor, and followed the vessel with their eyes, till the soft bosom of the clouds rested on the ocean, enveloped the vessel from their sight.

Celina's spirits were much depressed that evening; but the kind parental behaviour of Mrs. Guraville, and the affectionate attention of Henry, in some degree, softened her affliction; and while she lamented her father's absence, she felt not his loss.

As soon as they arrived in town, Mrs. Guraville prepared for her return to Lutherdale Hall. She provided lodgings for Henry in the house of a widow-lady, and saw him comfortably accommodated. Ed-

ward was their constant visitor for the few days they remained in town. The day they left London, he took a mournful leave of Celina, and after some difficulty, prevailed on her to write to him at stated times.

## C H A P. VI.

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She carried smiles and sunshine in her face,  
While grief and woe sat heavy on her heart.

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ON their arrival at Lutherdale Hall Eliza eagerly ran to meet them, and put into Mrs. Guraville's hand a letter from Mary, in which she expressed the greatest distress for the death of her father. She ardently wished to return to England, to condole with her mother, but the ill state of Madam du Saint's health rendered it impossible, without incurring her displeasure, and drawing on herself the charge of ingratitude. This letter was equally welcome to Mrs. Guraville and Celina.

They endeavoured to pass their time as cheerfully as possible, yet a sigh would now and then escape the bosom of each; nor

were their sorrows selfish ; their griefs were participated by each other. If the recollection of her father's distresses prompted the sigh in Celina's breast, it was lengthened by reverting to the lonely state of her dear Mrs. Guraville's, who daily mourned an indulgent husband, cut off in the prime of life, and the absence of two amiable children who were unavoidably separated from her.

Celina undertook to be Eliza's instructors ; the sweetness and docility of her disposition rendered the employment pleasing. Two months were passed by Mrs. Guraville and her family in this tranquil manner, when a letter from Henry, informed his mother, that his regiment was ordered to prepare for embarkation ; Gibraltar was their destination.

He entreated her not to feel any uneasiness at his leaving England ; that he should spend, at least a fortnight, at Lutherdale Hall, previous to joining his regiment.

This was a severe blow to her peace ; but she bore it with her usual magnanimity. She hugged the corroding grief close to her heart, while her face wore the placid serenity of a mind at ease ! Miser like, did she count over her sorrows, when all were at

rest, and none to break in on her privacy. She nursed her cause of woe—she wept over her treasured griefs, shut up from the world's eye.

The time at length arrived that brought Henry to his mother's arms, in that moment all her sorrows were forgotten; she could only think of joy! but they soon again intruded. Every pleasure was imbittered by a too lively anticipation of the dreadful hour of parting.

Henry fought, by every dutiful attention, to soften his mother's grief, and by a lively conversation he hoped to chase away the gloomy despondence that hung on her mind. Mrs. Guraville saw her dear boy's attempt, and eager to make him happy in the thought that his endeavours succeeded, she assumed a lightness of heart, and a cheerfulness of spirits she did not feel; and however painful the deceit, she was determined to practise it as long as Henry remained at Lutherdale Hall.

A few mornings after Henry's arrival, Celina received from her father the following letter:

“ All my former letters, my dear Celina,  
“ were mere information respecting my  
“ health, and enquiries after your's. I

“ wished not to enter into particulars, as I  
“ could say nothing satisfactory concern-  
“ ing my affairs.

“ My friend, Van Mierhop, is the same  
“ liberal minded man he was when in  
“ England ; but he is married to a lady,  
“ a native of Holland, who inherits all the  
“ natural vices of her country—selfish,  
“ over-reaching, and avaricious.

“ She has, ever since my arrival, be-  
“ held me with an eye of envious jealousy;  
“ I have long since read her heart, and  
“ have guarded against her invidious arts.  
“ I have also informed my friend how  
“ large a share of his lady's esteem I possess,  
“ and the good offices I suspect she will  
“ endeavour to do me.

“ He has candidly owned the truth of  
“ my suspicions, yet declared, that he was  
“ too well acquainted with my character,  
“ and her disposition, to be misled by her  
“ machinations ; nor can the high esteem  
“ he has always entertained for me, be  
“ shaken.

“ Often, my dear child, has this worthy  
“ man pressed me to send for you, and  
“ most joyfully should I have yielded to  
“ his request, had not the virulent temper  
“ of Madam Van Mierhop deterred me.

“ You are now, my dear Celina, enjoying  
“ the company of a sensible woman, who  
“ possesses a liberal mind, an enlarged un-  
“ derstanding, a disposition tempered with  
“ the sweetness of an angel, and the firm-  
“ ness of a Mentor.

“ Shall I, for a selfish gratification,  
“ place my Celina in the power of a wo-  
“ man entirely the reverse? She does not  
“ possess one single virtue, or one engag-  
“ ing quality—insolent, overbearing, and  
“ unfeeling!

“ Could the pleasure of my company,  
“ for a few minutes in each day, compen-  
“ sate for giving you to such a compa-  
“ nion?

“ No, my dear, should the Almighty  
“ prosper my endeavours, and enable me  
“ to establish a house, I will send for you,  
“ till then, my numerous obligations to  
“ Mrs. Guraville must be encreased, by  
“ her kind protection of my dear and only  
“ child; an obligation too great ever to be  
“ repaid!

“ I have sent, by Capt. Samcroust, a  
“ draft for twenty pounds, to purchase any  
“ necessaries you may want. It is all I  
“ can now spare. Capt. Samcroust will  
“ write to you immediately on his arrival

“ in London; he will also get notes for  
“ the draft, and send them by whatever  
“ conveyance you direct.

“ Present my kindest regards to your  
“ protectress, and to that amiable youth  
“ Henry; say every thing from me that a  
“ fond father could say to an only son,  
“ going to a foreign land in quest of glory:  
“ tell him, for the honour of his country,  
“ to preserve untainted his integrity; let  
“ the strictest rectitude dignify his actions.  
“ When he rises high in military rank,  
“ may he rather be esteemed a *good* than a  
“ *great* officer: may he always conciliate  
“ his mens attention to their duty, by  
“ their love rather than their fear: may  
“ the British arms new acquire glories under  
“ him.

“ I trust, my Celina, you still preserve  
“ that quiet frame of mind, that humble  
“ spirit, for which I have so often admir-  
“ ed you.

“ Do not sigh for the good things you  
“ see others enjoy; depend on it, though  
“ some of your female acquaintances may  
“ have a greater variety of dresses and  
“ trinkets; visit all the public places of  
“ fashion, and (to use a modern phrase)  
“ see life, They have some thing to coun-



“terbalance their pleasures. It is the fate  
“of us mortals to take a certain quantity  
“of bitters with our sweets.

“It is, I allow, the lot of some to pass  
“their lives in a series of misfortunes; but  
“then the all-wise Creator either strength-  
“ens and elevates the mind, so as to rise  
“superior to all human afflictions, or so  
“blunts the finer feelings of the soul, that  
“in the most abject state they can feel easy,  
“if the wants of nature are but satisfied.  
“The character most pleasing to the Al-  
“mighty, is he who feels his misfortunes  
“like a man, and bears them like a  
“Christian.

“Heaven protect you, my dear Celina!  
“May you profit by the great example  
“before you! and may you bear this sad  
“reverse of fortune with firmness of mind,  
“dignity of manners, and humility of  
“spirit! It is the constant prayer of your  
“affectionate father,

CHARLES MORLEY.”

Celina gave the letter to Mrs. Guraville, then to Henry, who both perused it; and Henry secretly vowed to treasure in his heart the kind admonitions of Mr. Morley.

“Nothing” said he, “shall ever tempt

me to tarnish the honour of a British soldier; nor induce me to sink beneath the dignity of man !”

The time past too hastily away, and the dreaded day arrived too soon. The good old steward was much afflicted at the thought of the dangers his dear young master was to encounter.

After the death of Mr. Guraville, Weldon, his valet, was discharged; but Mrs. Guraville desired he would remain at Lutherdale Hall till he was settled in another family. When she and Henry went to London, Weldon asked to attend them, as he there might hear of a place.

When Henry told him he had purchased a commission in the Guards, Weldon determined in his own mind to continue with him as his servant, but did not make his wish known, till Mrs. Guraville had left town.

A few days after, as he was assisting Henry to dress, the latter asked him if he had got a place?

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ Indeed! With whom are you going to live?”

“ With an officer, Sir.”

“ He has never enquired about you; perhaps he has known you some time?”

“ Ever since I entered your honoured father’s service.”

“ What do you mean, Weldon? Your words are strange and ambiguous.”

“ I hope, Sir, when I explain my meaning, you will consent to my wishes. When I first entered the service of the best of masters, your father, you were not three years old, many a leisure hour have I been diverted with your gambols—often we have sat together on the bank to watch the lofty soaring of your kite, and as you grew older, I was the constant companion of your more manly sports. Often, when yet in your frocks, have you, to induce me to set up your top, or assist in other little games, thrown your arms about my neck, and promised me that, when you were a man, I should never leave you; that I should play at top all day if I liked.

“ I now, Sir, demand the performance of your infantine promise. You are now thrown on the world in a most dangerous situation; standing alone, without a creature near you who has the least regard for you; nor is it likely you will meet with any but those whose services will be measured by the reward they receive.

“ Thus circumstanced, do you think, Sir, I will leave you?—No, never!—Per-

mit me to follow you : I will be your servant, your friend, and in your closet, if you will permit me, your adviser."

Henry was astonished at this affectionate proposal. He had always considered Weldon above the generality of servants, and knew that his father had for some years treated him as an humble friend, rather than as a servant.

He turned towards Weldon with a heart expanding with gratitude, and eyes, resembling an April sun darting his dazzling beams through a liquid cloud.

" I am fully sensible of the great regard you have for me ; yet Weldon, I cannot think of retaining you in my service ; it is not in my power to reward you equivalent to your merits. The stipend allowed you by my father was handsome, nor can I think of your giving up your time to me, on less advantageous terms to yourself."

" Pray, Sir, offer no more objections, you must have an attendant, and my expences will not amount to more than another's ; as to wages, I ask none, at least for some years ; I have saved something in your father's services, and with cloaths, my dear lamented master's wardrobe, will supply me for many years. You said right, Sir, your father did reward me handsomely,

and I have been careful of his bounty, which enables me now to offer myself to you, regardless of profit. All I now desire is to be near you.

Henry took Weldon's hand. "I agree, from this hour I consider you my friend; as to your services, I shall require no more than you are inclined to perform."

Mrs. Guraville was surprised to see Weldon return with her son to Lutherdale Hall. Henry related to her Weldon's affectionate determination to accompany him to Gibraltar.

Mrs. Guraville heard the resolution with heartfelt pleasure, and on the morning of her son's departure, desired to speak to Weldon in her dressing-room. She thanked him for the attachment he had shewn towards Henry; declared, that his disinterested resolution to attend him was a circumstance that rendered her mind more easy than it had long been; that she could place firm reliance on his care and attention! she then presented to him a ten pound note, saying, she was sorry her son's income was so confined, as to render it impossible for him to engage him on the same terms his late master had done, but she would do all in her power to reward his fidelity.

“ My own feelings, Madam, will reward me : I shall be amply repaid in knowing that I am instrumental to your happiness ; and also, that the blessed spirit of my master will look down with complacence on my conduct.”

Mrs. Guraville, Celina, and Eliza, took an affectionate leave of Henry. The separation was more than Mrs. Guraville could bear ; to part from an only son, and *such* a son, was a trial too great for her fortitude to support ! though, perhaps, few women could call reason and religion to their aid with more effect.

But it was too much ! She sunk beneath it ! The weight of grief bore heavy on her mind, and all her efforts to remove it were in vain.

Soon after Henry's departure, a letter from Mary, for a short time, diverted the mind of Mrs. Guraville from her present grief, but it was only to awaken new fears in her bosom.

It contained more melancholy accounts of Madam du Saint's declining health, the “ principal cause of which,” said Mary, “ is the internal disturbance of this country, the cruel treatment of the Royal Family, and the strong report that the King is to be brought to a disgraceful

“ trial ; all which operate violently on her  
“ mind. Her heart is much interested in  
“ their cause.

“ Indeed, things wear a melancholy  
“ face, and the accounts that are daily  
“ brought within these gloomy walls by  
“ Father Quintin, only render us more  
“ gloomy.

“ Every species of injustice and cruelty  
“ are making hasty strides from Paris,  
“ where they have been nursed and reared  
“ to refined maturity, to overspread the  
“ land. Numerous convents have been  
“ evacuated near the capital, but thank  
“ God! our's has yet been favoured by the  
“ rebels. Father Quintin says, an addi-  
“ tional number of national guards are ar-  
“ rived at Nismes, for what purpose we  
“ cannot conjecture. At present, we en-  
“ tertain no fears, but for the life of my  
“ revered and worthy aunt.

“ I am extremely concerned to hear that  
“ Henry has taken the resolution of enter-  
“ ing the army. I am persuaded Lord  
“ William and Mr. Hill would both op-  
“ pose it ; however, I trust and hope his  
“ regiment will be stationary in London,  
“ or at least in England.”

The unwearied attention of Celina, and  
the friendly visits of Mrs. Bouvrie alike

failed to cheer and enliven the mind of their drooping friend.

Mrs. Bouvrie was one of the oldest and firmest of Mrs. Guraville's friends ; never, in her days of folly and dissipation, did this good woman join in the common voice against her ; nor when the humiliating change took place at Utherdale Hall, did she forsake her friend's society, but rather sought it with redoubled assiduity.

A few days after the receipt of Mary's letter, Celina discovered in Mrs. Guraville strong symptoms of a fever ; she, after much persuasion, prevailed on her to have medical advice

Mr. Pulvis was immediately sent for ; he obeyed the summons, gave every necessary order to her attendants, and requested his medicines might be duly administered.

Celina watched anxiously by the bed-side of her friend, and in a little more than a week, had the happiness to see her disorder yield to the power of the medicine, and every hope revived that she would again enjoy health and spirits.

When Mrs. Guraville was so far recovered as to be able to leave her room, Mr. Pulvis recommended her to change the air, and take the benefit of sea bathing ; but to leave her house she absolutely refused.



Celina anxious for Mrs. Guraville's health, and wishing to see it permanently re-established, used every argument in her power, to prevail on her friend to neglect nothing that might accelerate her recovery. "Every thing, my dear Celina, shall be done that is in my power, except leaving Lutherdale Hall. Nothing shall induce me to sleep one night out of this house; but the hope of meeting either of my dear absent children."

Her resolution once known, Celina ceased to urge her any farther. She mended slowly, and the time passed in a dull routine of business and amusement; at length a letter arrived from Henry, giving a pleasant account of his voyage, and the happy state of his health; also, an agreeable description of the wonderful rock of which he was become an inhabitant.

This letter did more towards Mrs. Guraville's recovery than all the nostrums in Mr. Pulvis's shop, or recipes in his cranium.

## C H A P. VII.

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Invidious grave ! How dost thou rend in sunder,  
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one ;  
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.

---

BLAIR.

**C**ELINA for some weeks indulged the fond hope of seeing Mrs. Guraville's health perfectly re-established ; but, alas ! she was soon convinced of the instability of human hopes !

One evening, during a delightful autumnal walk, Mrs. Guraville conversed with Celina with more than her usual cheerfulness, and even laughed heartily at the short, but repeated races between the lively Eliza and her favourite Chloe ; when tired they rolled on the verdant lawn ; when the faithful spaniel wantonly, and playfully licked the hand of Eliza, and bit the flowery grass.

On their return to the house, they partook of their usual light supper, and retired to rest. In the beginning of the night Mrs. Guraville's sleep was broken and unrefreshing; towards the morning she was obliged to ring for her maid to get a little tea, for she found herself in a scorching fever.

When Celina entered the breakfast room, she was surprised not to find Mrs. Guraville there. She flew to her dressing-room, that also was unoccupied; her surprise then was heightened to alarm! She immediately went to her bed-room, where she found her friend in an alarming state. Mr. Pulvis was immediately sent for, but before his arrival, the fever raged so high that his patient was delirious.

She took every possible step to subdue the consuming fire that burned in her brain, and desired a physician might be immediately sent for.

Celina's care and anxiety for the life of her only friend, deprived her of every thought of herself, and she had nearly fallen a sacrifice to her gratitude and love; so minutely did she watch the fading features of Mrs. Guraville, that she hourly saw the hasty strides the grim tyrant made over her once lovely form. Nor did she,

after the first fortnight, see one flattering symptom—one cheering ray—at which to light the delusive torch of hope.

Mrs. Bouvrie was constant in her visits. Her consoling kindness cheered and comforted Celina for the first fortnight of Mrs. Guraville's illness; they hoped the best, though the physician never gave them the least cause; nor did he add to their fears.

Celina never left the sick chamber; the little rest she allowed herself was taken on a sofa, which she ordered to be brought from Mrs. Guraville's dressing room.

On the fourth week of her illness, as Celina was giving her a little beef tea, Mrs. Guraville took her hand, pressed it to her lips, then laid it on her heart.

“Feel, my dear Celina,” said she, “how it beats,” lifting up her once all-piercing eyes, but now dull and languid, “it will not beat long. O! my young, my dear Celina!—my daughter! I feel my disorder is mortal.—A few short hours will decide this conflict. The absence of my children adds much to the pangs of departing life! To your care I commit my sweet Eliza: the worthy Woodman will be a father to her—to all my children. When you communicate the tidings of my death to Mary, do it tenderly. Her peace has been al-

ready stabbed by the death of her father. She is now melancholy, watching the sick bed of her aunt! Be careful how you wound it a second time.

“ With respect to my dear Henry, when he returns to England, which, for the sake of the dear unprotected Eliza and yourself, I hope he soon will. I entreat Celina by every tender claim of friendship—by every past joy and pleasure you have partook together, *transfer* all the love—all the affection you now feel for his *expiring mother* to him!

“ I now, my beloved Celina! will disclose a scene I have long treasured up in my heart. I fondly thought to have told it you at a much happier moment than this—but it must not be. Her she paused,—oppressive sighs heaved her bosom, and she sunk under the weight of contending sorrows.

Celina's agonized soul was wound up to the most elevated degree of tender friendship; her feelings were tortured by fear and dread! She fell on the body of her almost lifeless friend! Sensibility's silver strings were touched! their softest tones vibrated on her heart! She was lost to all, but the suffering faint in her arms, and the dear

objects who gave rise to the tender conflict in Mrs. Guraville's mind. For a few minutes they both lay motionless, till a long drawn sigh from Mrs. Guraville struck on Celina's ear, she hastened to give her a radical draught which revived her spirits, and she again resumed.

“ Oh ! my lovely girl, the separation of soul and body is nothing—but the bitter reflection of leaving my dear children—it is *that* that wounds the peace of my dying hours ! For my Eliza, in particular, do I mourn !—No dear relation to lift her supplicating hands to—No friend to protect her—No one to shield her from the rapacious grasp of a designing world, but you and Woodman. To you, my Celina, and that good man, do I resign the precious charge, in full confidence that you will be mother—sister—and all the world to her.”

Here Celina, as well as she could articulate, made her every tender promise.

“ I am satisfied—I am sure you will do all you promise : but, my Celina, I have a subject to speak on that has long laid near my heart. O, my Henry !—it is for him I would plead.”

“ My dear Madam, all in my power you may command—for him—my dear Mary—and the still dearer Eliza.”

“ Ah ! Celina, you know not what you say. It would be cruel in me, at this time, when I see that your soul is dissolved in pity and love, to extort a promise from you ; but I will be brief—My noble minded Henry loves you—He loves you, my Celina, with truth and sincerity. A few days before he left England, he declared to me his attachment. He departed happy in the knowledge that I approved of his choice, and that the object of his affection was under my care.

“ Anxiously have I wished to discover your sentiments. I have always had the happiness to hear you express for him the affection of a sister ; but tell me, my dear child, Do you not feel a warmer attachment for my Henry ? I see—I feel—I hope you do !

“ Long before he returns, you will have lost me, your only guardian in this part of the world ; it is my last request, that on his return you give him a legal right to protect you. Your heart, I trust, is not otherwise engaged. Speak, my Celina !—Make me happy ; The certainty that my dear boy will meet with no impediment from you, to the completion of his wishes, so essential to his future happi-

ness, will add much to the peace of this my last hour."

During this delicate and interesting discovery, Celina's feelings were agitated in the extreme—a few tears gave a temporary relief—as Mrs. Guraville uttered the last sentence, the fervent pressure of her hand pleaded more strongly to Celina's heart, than the most eloquent language. She was about to vow in the most violent manner to be the wife of Henry, if ever he should ask her hand, when the entrance of the physician interrupted her.

On feeling Mrs. Guraville's pulse, he found the fever considerably increased; he saw, by Celina's countenance, that a subject too distressing had engaged them; he expressed his disapprobation; condemned Celina for indulging his patient in such discourse, and declared that her life depended on her being kept composed.

He then gave her a composing draught, and took his seat by the bed-side. Celina, with earnest solicitude, watched his countenance, and her heart beat to a thousand fears, as she observed his contracted muscles.

Mrs. Guraville soon fell into a quiet slumber; he then drew Celina near the



window, and in the most soothing terms endeavoured to prepare her for the awful moment which he saw was quickly approaching.

Celina felt the shock severely, though she long had feared the fatal event, yet when those fears were confirmed by the physician, her heart sunk, and she felt herself unequal to the distressing scene she was to witness, and in which she must take an active part; nor could she absent herself one moment.

As the physician was about to take his leave, Mrs. Bouvrie's carriage stopped at the gate; the Doctor hastened to pay his respects to the worthy widow. After handing her to the parlour, he gave the good lady his true opinion of Mrs. Guraville, and expressed the highest admiration of Celina's affectionate attachment to her, but feared her strength would not support her through the dreaded night, without some kind friend to cheer her.

Mrs. Bouvrie was one of the few friends Mrs. Guraville visited after the revolution in her affairs; and in her company she had found as much consolation and pleasure as could reasonably be expected, after such

losses as the death of Mrs. Guraville, and the departure of Henry for Gibraltar.

Mrs. Bouvrie was one of Mrs. Guraville's first friends on her settling at Lutherdale Hall, and in her days of dissipation and gaiety, this lady would say, in defence of her friend (for whom she felt the tenderest esteem,) when the virulent tongues of the neighbouring ladies were arraigning her conduct (not from any real disapprobation of her actions did their disgust arise, but from their inability to make as conspicuous a figure,——

“ My dear Ladies, Mrs. Guraville, whose conduct you so violently reprobate, is, I must own, very reprehensible ; yet, depend upon it, she is an amiable, inestimable woman. She possesses virtues that are to be found in but few of her sex, and they will some day be drawn forth to the great surprise and chagrin of her envious neighbours.”

Thus continually was Mrs. Bouvrie the private champion of her friend, and she exulted that her prophecy was fulfilled. And as Mrs. Guraville, in her late severe trials rose superior to them all, and attained the highest degree of female character, so she

rose to the highest degree of estimation in Mrs. Bouvrie's mind.

She heard with sincere affliction that her friend's death was inevitable.

When Celina entered the parlour, her eyes told the state of her heart.

“ My dear Celina, be comforted; do not afflict yourself. Remember there are many duties for you yet to perform—endeavour, when you approach the sick-bed, to dress your face in the smile of hope; nothing so much oppresses the mind, already weakened by illness, as marks of sorrow in the surrounding friends. I know the task is hard, but it is necessary for the peace of your friend that you impose it on yourself.”

Celina's beating heart would scarcely allow her to articulate the promises she wished to make. Mrs. Bouvrie expressed a wish to see her friend. She dismissed her carriage, and promised to stay the day with her. This was a great relief to the oppressed Celina, as she felt comforted in the presence of Mrs. Bouvrie.

When they entered the sick chamber, they found Mrs. Guraville just awakened from the sleep produced by the draught the Doctor administered. On seeing Mrs. Bou-

vrie she held out her hand: her eyes, for a few minutes, assumed the animating appearance of health, and she spoke strong and cheerful. The effect the sudden appearance of Mrs. Bouvrie had on her animal spirits was instantaneous, and she sunk again on her pillow. At intervals she conversed with Mrs. Bouvrie, recommending her dear Eliza and Celina to her care.

“ I did give my Eliza to the care of Celina, not expecting this friendly visit, but I now presume on my claim on your friendship, and in the most earnest manner recommend them both to your protection till the return of my dear Henry !”

Mrs. Bouvrie gave her every assurance the sincerest friendship could dictate—promised to be a mother to Eliza, and a friend to Celina.

Celina expressed her gratitude to Mrs. Bouvrie, and particularly for her promise of taking care of Eliza, as she feared herself not equal to the charge.

After some friendly conversation, Mrs. Guraville fell into a calm sleep for some hours, and from it the sanguine hopes of Mrs. Bouvrie and Celina drew favourable symptoms. But, alas! they treasured up vain hopes, and delusive ideas!

It was late in the evening when Mrs. Guraville awoke; she appeared calm and tranquil. She beckoned to Mrs. Bouvrie and Celina, as they approached the bed, she smiling, and holding out a hand to each.

“ I am going, my dear friends, for ever from you. O Celina! bring Eliza to me—let me bid a long—a last farewell to the only child left me!—Oh my Mary—Could I for one moment press thee to my heart—my lingering soul, that now quivers on my lips, would then glide off in peace!

“ And my beloved Henry—were you here—could your expiring—your only parent! once more behold you—once more embrace, and with her last breath ask a blessing on you, O what peace!—what peace!—what comfort, would then beam on my last hour!”

Celina led in the trembling Eliza; her little heart was full. The solemn mournful look of Mrs. Bouvrie; the heavy sobs, and the streaming eyes of Celina, awakened her fears. Her innocent heart caught the alarm; she knelt down by the bed, threw her arms round the neck of her mother and sobbed aloud. The feeble arms of Mrs. Guraville pressed her child to her breast.

“ I am going, my dear Eliza, to your dear father—It is the Almighty’s will—but I leave you, my love, to the tender care of Mrs. Bouvrie and Celina—in them you will find a mother and sister. Be a good girl, my Eliza, and ever attend to the advice of this worthy lady. Facilitate all her kind endeavours to implant every virtue in your mind.”

“ Oh my dear Mamma !” cried the afflicted child, “ I will do all you bid me—but, indeed—indeed, I cannot part with you—take me—take me with you !”

Eliza’s feelings were so sensibly awakened that they grew too powerful—they totally absorbed her senses, and she fell almost lifeless on her mother’s neck.

Celina, who had suffered much during this affecting scene, lifted Eliza off the bed, and with the help of a servant, carried her to her chamber, where she soon recovered ; and as Celina was assisting to undress her, she tenderly embraced her.

“ Do tell me, my dear Miss Morley, Will my Mamma indeed die ?—Cannot she live ?—O ! what will become of me ?—What shall I do ?—O ! Miss Morley, how my heart aches—I am sure it will break, if my Mamma dies ! She then hid her lovely face

in Celina's bosom, and bedewed it with the warm tears of her sorrowing heart.

Celina was too much affected to give the necessary comfort to her young friend, yet in this, as in all her former trials, she evinced great strength of mind. As she held the afflicted Eliza in her arms, she endeavoured, as well as her own feelings would permit her, by every tender argument, to soothe her mind to calmness. Eliza listened, and answered only by her sobs.

“ We will, my dear Eliza, hope for the best. We will implore our great and merciful Creator, to bless with success our endeavours to preserve your Mamma's valuable life.—But my dear Eliza! if, after all, for some wise, though hidden purposes, our prayers are ineffectual, we must submit with resignation and humility—We ought not to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, but bow with submission to the livine will; though we feel it hard, we must think it right.”

Celina ordered some warm wine for Eliza, hoping it would compose her, which had the desired effect, and she soon fell into a calm sleep. Celina sat by her some time, and then tenderly kissing her, left the room

When Celina entered Mrs. Guraville's chamber, she found her tolerably composed, and conversing with Mrs. Bouvrie, but saw strong symptoms of her approaching death. Agreeable to Mrs. Bouvrie's orders the carriage came at ten, but she could not think of leaving Celina at this dreadful crisis; and she was well persuaded that her friend could not live till morning.

About one o'clock Mrs. Guraville awoke from a short sleep, and asked what was the hour? on being told, she drew a short sigh.

“ A little time longer, my friends, and I go—My Celina, I shall now die happy. In my last short, but pleasant dream, I have seen my children. My lovely boy Henry! promised to protect you for life. Now, let me see that worthy man Woodman, he has ever been like a father to me and my children—He loved his master—I sincerely regard him.”

Woodman had sat long beyond his usual time anxiously waiting to hear of his mistress. He entered the chamber with a trembling step—but e'er he had shut the door he was obliged to retreat for a few minutes to relieve the agony of his heart. On the second opening of the door Mrs. Guraville



put back the curtain, and said, at the same time holding out her hand.

“Come near me Woodman, and receive the last thanks and blessing of your mistress. It is but a few years since I first knew the value of my friends, and it pleases the Almighty to take me from them. You, my good man, are one of the most valuable; to you I owe many, but your reward will be hereafter; on earth you cannot receive it. I have much more to exact from you—My children! Woodman—my dear children! will, in a few hours, be orphans! Be you a father to them—All is left in your hands—The estate you will take care of for Henry. You will find among my writings a short will; by it you will be directed in the disposal of the little money, and other articles I have to bequeath; in which Celina is not forgotten.”

She was quite exhausted, and paused for some time; during which, her eyes were stedfastly fixed on Woodman, whose heart swelled with feelings the most painful, which he endeavoured to suppress, and in words scarcely articulate answered:

“The few remaining years of my life shall be devoted to the charge you give, and you will, I hope, my dear Madam,

rely on my care. My dear master's bounty, and my frugality, have left me 'possessed of a sum, which, had I stood in need, would have supported me comfortably in my old age; but, as I have no relation, it is my intention to leave it to Eliza. I feel it my duty to return to the orphan children of my respected master that which his liberality possessed me of. I religiously promise to consider as sacred, the trust you have reposed in me, and the interest of Henry and his sisters, will ever be nearest to my heart."

"I am certain of that Woodman, and in the full assurance that it will ever continue so, I think I cannot leave them under a better protector. And will you, my dear Mrs. Bouvrie, assist Woodman with your advice? I am assured he will feel more easy to have your counsel in all the steps he may take for the benefit of my children, when I am laid at rest, by the side of my dear and worthy husband!"

She then closed her eyes, and sunk on her pillow; soon however she revived, and joined in some short prayers with Mrs. Bouvrie and Celina.

She repeated her request to Mrs. Bouvrie, that she would be a guardian to her Eliza—

of which she again received the kindest assurance.

“ I am happy my dear Madam ; I die in the full belief of your love and tenderness to my half blown blossom, my Eliza.”

She lay silent for some time ; yet her lips moved, as if offering up mental prayer—still holding, and pressing feebly the hand of Mrs. Bouvrie and Celina, and in one soft sigh—resigned her pure spirit!—The separation of soul and body was so calm (no convulsive struggle—no painful groan) that Celina was not apprised that the gentle spirit of her friend had taken its flight, till the death chill pervaded her whole frame, and the hand she held was clay cold.

She started, and lifted her eyes to Mrs. Bouvrie, down whose cheeks silently ran the precious drops, warm from her friendly heart. Celina read in Mrs Bouvrie's countenance the confirmation of her fears—she fell on her neck and wept. Then in broken accents cried, “ Is it then all over ? Is my dear—second mother gone for ever ? To you alone my dear Madam, can I look up ; I am as friendless as the orphan Eliza. I trust I have yet a father ! but fortune has placed him at such a distance, that he has it not in his power to protect his child.”

“ My good—my amiable girl! Do not afflict yourself with the idea of your friendless state; in me you have every claim, and on me you may depend for protection. I have given my most religious promise to that dear woman, whose precious soul has just fled from that angelic form; and had she not recommended you to my care, your transcendent virtues would have claimed my patronage.”

Mrs. Bouvrie's kindness calmed the perturbed mind of Celina, and after conducting Mrs. Bouvrie to a chamber, she retired to her own. He stood in need of so much rest, not having been once in bed during the last fortnight of Mrs. Guraville's illness.

In the morning, when Mrs. Bouvrie arose, she was informed that Celina was not up; she went to her bed room, and found her just awake.

“ I wish, my dear, to take you, and Eliza home with me. Mr. Woodman will give proper directions for the funeral; I will provide you mourning, and every other requisite.”

“ I cannot enough thank you, Madam, for your kindness; yet, I must beg you will permit me to remain here till after the

funeral—then in all things you shall direct me.”

After many persuasive arguments on both sides, Mrs. Bouvrie consented to leave her; and, as soon as breakfast was over, she left Lutherdale Hall, and took with her the broken hearted Eliza, whose grief for her Mamma was inconsolable.

All the following day Celina and Woodman did little else but weep over the cold remains of Mrs. Guraville. The afflicted old man, in his deep distress, accused heaven of injustice—the next moment he asked forgiveness for his rash murmurs.

On the eighth day, Woodman attended the remains of his respected mistress to the cold mansions of the dead; five neighbouring gentlemen, who had ever respected Mr. Gurraville and his family, desired they might be allowed to pay the last mark of their esteem to the corpse of Mrs. Guraville, and attend the funeral.

Woodman was much gratified by this attention paid to the sacred remains of a woman who had left behind her few equals; her power of diffusing good around her was limited; but her wishes to do so were unbounded. The foibles of her youth were but as foils to her brighter vir-

tues, and that very impropriety of conduct—those very foibles, eventually called forth her exalted virtues, which otherwise would have been laid dormant, or at least would have been unnoticed.

The gentlemen that attended her funeral, from their long knowledge of Woodman's worth and probity, held him in high estimation ; and in the procession to church, they insisted that he should follow as chief mourner.

In the evening Celina completed the dreadful task of writing to Henry a circumstantial of his mother's death, and of the removal of herself and Eliza to Mrs. Bouvrie's, under whose protection she hoped to remain, till her father either sent for her, or returned to England.

She wrote also to Mary, a long letter to the same effect, but owing to the frequent interruption of the English mail, at that time, it never reached her.

She was more than once tempted to write to Edward, an account of the sad change at Lutherdale Hall, but something like prudery, or prudence, arrested her pen—it was Edward's turn to write. The given time between the letters was nearly expired—ten days would bring his letter—he was punctual.

The next day Mrs. Bouvrie and Eliza came to conduct Celina to Beach Park. Woodman being unwell, she wished to remain a few days that she might have the satisfaction of knowing that he was properly attended.

The old man hearing the sweet voice of Eliza, it acted as a cordial on his weak spirits, and he walked to the parlour—her lovely arms encircled his neck, and the accustomed kiss roused him.

Mrs. Bouvrie objected to Celina's staying any longer at Lutherdale Hall, judging that she and Woodman were improper companions, as they would only indulge each other's grief; and observing the instantaneous effect the sight of Eliza had on Woodman's spirits, insisted on his going to Beach Park.

"You will find my steward," said she, a pleasant cheerful companion; Eliza will walk and ride with you in the mornings, and in the evenings, we will all endeavour to amuse you."

"O! do my dear Woodman," said Eliza, as she hung on his arm, "do go with us. I will walk with you—sing to you—do any thing if you will but go.

"And may we take Chloe with us too Madam?"

“ Yes, my dear, you shall have Chloe too, if you wish.”

“ I thank you, my dear Madam, then we shall look just as if we were at Lutherdale Hall, with Woodman and Chloe,—only my dear Mamma wanting to make us happy.”

The word Mamma struck each ear, and penetrated to each heart ; and a tear of pure regret fell to the memory of her whose presence had ever been a cheering sun to all around her !

At last Woodman consented to visit Beach Park for a week or two. Mrs. Bouvrie said, the carriage should fetch him to dinner, and they returned with the addition of Celina and Chloe.

Mrs. Bouvrie kindly welcomed Celina to Beach Park. “ This, Miss Morley, is your home, so long as you think proper to favour me with your company ; and I hope nothing but your father’s commands will ever raise in your mind a wish to seek another.”

“ Nothing, Madam, be assured, but the hope of seeing my father, or obedient to his wishes, can ever induce me to leave the asylum you so kindly offer ; and in all things, so long as you will honour me with



your advice, I shall be guided by it. Nothing can be more congenial to my wishes than my present situation promises to be.

“The cheerful innocent conversation of Eliza will ever keep awake in my mind a lively and grateful recollection of that dear friend, for ever gone! while your tender regard to my unprotected situation happily precludes the possibility of (only mentally) feeling her loss; and I hope, Madam, that my conduct will speak the gratitude I feel.”

The next morning Celina wrote her father a long and melancholy detail of all that had taken place at Lutherdale Hall.

Celina usually spent the greatest part of the morning in instructing Eliza. Mrs. Bouvrie would often join them in the work room, and sit till the hour of riding out, which they always did for two hours before dinner; and the evenings being long, were generally spent in reading and music.

## C H A P. VIII.

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Lo ! by rebellion's sons they'r driven,  
Wanderers from their calm retreat,  
Trembling they fly ; imploring heaven,  
Each object fearing that they meet.

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**W**ITH a cheerful assiduity did Mary watch the declining health of Madam du Saint, and during her long and close attendance, she evinced the tenderest attachment to her. Daily did she rack her invention to cheer the gloomy hours of a sick chamber ; often did she succeed. The good abbess saw the amiable motive that prompted her exertions, and never would she let them appear to fail if it was in her power to force a smile.

The daily accounts received from Paris had a wonderful effect on her health—it

may be said to have worn the complexion of the times. The misfortunes of her king were absolutely were her misfortunes! When he was first confined in the Temple, her grief was extreme, and on his being restored to the favour of the people, her joy was as excessive; in short, every revolution in the affairs of the king, caused a revolution in her health; and it may be truly said, that that cruel stroke which severed his royal head from his body, divested his pure soul of its cumbrous dwelling.

On the execrable day which terminated the life of that unhappy monarch, Madam du Saint lay in a gasping, breathless state of expectation, offering up fervent and pious ejaculations for the King she adored; then beseeching the Saviour of sinners so to work upon the hearts of his murderous subjects, that they might see the enormity of their sins, and shrink back with horror from their purpose! that they might blush at the recollection of having once formed an idea that disgraced humanity, and would for ever stigmatize them as a nation.

The violent agitation of her mind and cruel state of suspense in which she lay, brought on a dangerous alarming fever.

Father Pere, who practised physic at the convent of the Carmelites, gave it as his opinion that she could live but a few days, unless relief could be administered to her mind; for there lay the principal cause of her disease. Every effort in the power of medicine was tried, but they gave not one ray of hope.

Every hour was she demanding, what news from Paris? nor would she be content to hear it from the lips of the sisters; she insisted on seeing Father Quintin.

At length the dreadful news arrived. Father Quintin entered her cell, in his countenance were depicted horror and despair; he sat down by her side, and looked the dreadful tale his tongue refused to tell. The abbess raised her head from the pillow, looked anxiously at his averted face (which was half shaded by his cowl) and caught the pitying tear that stole silently down his cheek, and bore testimony to the grief he felt for his murdered king!

“Oh! Father Quintin!” she exclaimed, stretching out her aged hand, “I see—I see—’tis done. O my God!—O my King!”—then sunk lifeless on her pillow. After applying some vivifying cordial, the livid hue forsook her lips, her cheeks bore marks

of returning life ; she looked around with a wild horror in her eyes, which pierced the soul of Mary, and deeply affected the surrounding nuns.

“ So, Father Quintin,” again exclaimed the venerable abbess, “ they have at last perpetrated the diabolical act. Wretched people !—know ye what you have done ?—murdered your king ?—Monsters !—furies !—regicides !—be the blood of your injured monarch on your heads !—may that barbarous instrument of death which ye have steeped in the sacred blood of your king—Oh ! vile miscreants ! may it be stained with the purple gore of your democratical hearts !”

Thus raved the unhappy abbess ! and each nun, with eyes dimmed with tears of heart-felt sorrow for the fate of their sovereign, wafted their sincere concurrence to the bitter, but just prayer, on a sigh to highest heaven !—

Madam du Saint’s little remaining strength was now nearly exhausted. Father Pere felt her pulse, shook his head, and waved his hand, that no noise should be made. Each sat down in silent grief, to watch the hasty strides death was making on the aged

form of the abbess; nor was the gloomy silence broken but by sighs.

When suddenly a messenger arrived from the brotherhood of Carmelites, to acquaint Father Quintin and Pere that a party of rebels were advancing speedily towards their convent; that their course was only arrested by a small convent of Dominicans, which they were then plundering, but could not delay them long.

The consternation and terror this account threw them into, caused no little bustle in the abbess's cell, and disturbed her from a quiet slumber she had for some time enjoyed. She feebly asked the cause, when a young nun imprudently exclaimed, "O! my dear lady, the rebels are coming; we shall all be robbed and murdered!"—Then wringing her hands, and breaking her rosary, she cried out in a voice of terror and distress, "O blessed lady! mother of God; protect us." Then ran to the chapel, and prostrated herself before the altar.

Madam du Saint faintly asked Mary, if what the nun had said was true? Mary endeavoured to dress the account in less terrifying terms, but to no purpose; strong convulsions seized her frame, which continued for some time; and the good abbess's

cell was forsaken by all, except the worthy Father Quintin and Pere, Mary, and the young novice Valeria.

At last the convulsions left her, and they administered a cordial which seemed to revive her. She spoke a little, recommended Mary to the care of Father Quintin, again called vengeance on the murderers of her king, prayed for protection for the queen and her royal children, grasped Mary's hand, pressed it to her lips, and without a sigh, resigned her soul to that great, that wonderful Being, who had endowed it with so many noble properties, and to whom, and for whom, she had devoted the last years of her life.

To witness the last moments of a life well spent, must to a thinking mind afford the most sublime, the most indescribable of all human sensations. How awfully does it carry the mind beyond itself, to behold a dear friend on the bed of sickness piously resigned to their fate, and waiting, with calm resignation, the coming of the heavenly mandate, and at the fatal moment (fatal only to the surviving friends) see the last breath quiver on the smiling lip, and the soul take its aerial flight to its native

heaven, without one groan or sigh. Such was the death of the Abbess du Saint.

Mary was for some time totally absorbed by this last great grief, and immoveably fixed on her knees, by the bedside, grasping the cold hand of her departed friend, which she kept close pressed to her forehead, till she was roused by Signora Valeria, who recalled her absent thoughts to herself.

“ See, my dear friend,” said Valeria, “ the Holy Fathers are preparing to perform the last rites to our much-loved abbess; let us, my friend, now think on ourselves, and save our lives by flight.”

“ What!” cried Mary, starting, “ bury my dear aunt before she is cold? How shocking is the thought!—and then, my dear Valeria, where can we go? *How* save ourselves from the barbarous rebels? Indeed, my friend, it is *impossible*.”

“ We will fly to my father at Rome; there, my dear Mary, I can promise you protection.”

By this time the fathers and the sacriste had made the grave to receive the sacred remains of the abbess. Mary, with the assistance of Signora Valeria, dressed the body of Madam du Saint in her grey robe, tied it round the waist with the white cord,



pulled her veil over her face, and spread it smoothly down to her feet. They then attended the service, and saw her respected remains laid on the cold lap of earth.

Mary shed tears of unfeigned sorrow to the memory of this excellent woman; but the exigence of her own situation roused her from a great grief to a greater: it was now near night, and Father Quintin advised them to put all their money in their pockets, and each a few things in a bundle; mean while he would go to his convent and adjust his affairs as well as the time would permit, then return to them, and they would pursue their flight together, for that night at least.

Mary went instantly to the cabinet of Madam du Saint, and took from it all the money, jewels, and trinkets. Many things did she turn over with a wishful eye, and sorry she was to leave them behind; but neither time nor convenience would allow her to take them.

Signora Valeria having changed her novice habit, and tied a few things in a handkerchief, waited impatiently the coming of Father Quintin.

By this time the convent was nearly forsaken; five or six of the most aged nuns

only remained : often did Mary and Signora Valeria walk to the outward gate, which the sacriste observing, offered to be the companion of their flight.

One of the old nuns hearing his proposal, accused him of cowardice ; said it was a false alarm ; that if the rebels were at the gate, she would not run away, and insisted upon his remaining with them, which he as warmly protested against.

A strong altercation ensued, when Mary again went to the outward gate ; she heard a distant hum of a dreadful noise, which so alarmed her, that she screamed aloud ; her screams brought out Signora Valeria, the timid sacriste, and the courageous nun, when the dismal sounds assailed their ears, the nun came shrieking into the convent to the remaining sisters.

At that instant Father Quintin arrived almost breathless.—“ Fly, my dear children !” cried he (seizing a hand of each) “ for only by flight can we be saved. The banditti of robbers (I can call them by no better name) are already at our convent : my dear, my venerable brothers, are all put to flight : our worthy abbot is, thank God, beyond their reach ; he left the convent the instant he heard they were near.”

Mary and Valeria tripped along—fear gave them strength. They had walked near two miles, when Signora Valeria looked behind her: she saw a man following quickly after, whom her fears painted an enemy; she screamed out, which so alarmed Mary, that she with much violence leaped on one side, still holding fast by Father Quintins's arm. The old man being off his guard, attending to the affrighted Valeria, they both fell into a deep ditch. Valeria suddenly missing her companions, and owing to the crepusculous light not able to discover their disastrous state, she stopped, and called aloud for her friends, regardless of the dreaded object that gave rise to her fears. He was at her side; she flew from him, happily in the same direction her friends had flown. The man followed, Valeria run, till the same ditch received her that contained Mary and the holy man, and within a little space of the spot.

The terrific man who had caused this sad disaster, assisted the ladies and the good father out; and to their no small surprise they discovered him to be no other than the sacriste himself. Their fears were changed to serenity; and they felt happy that they had

another male protector, younger and stronger than Father Quintin.

As much of the dirt as possible was wiped off them, but the wet had penetrated through their cloaths. Fortunately the parcel fell from Mary's hand when she started, consequently escaped the ditch, which she recollecting the sacriste, groped for, and after some time found it. Wet and cold as they were, there was no alternative but to proceed many miles farther, till from the weight of their cloaths, occasioned by the quantity of water they had imbibed, and the number of miles they had walked, Mary and Valeria were so extremely faint and tired, that they begged to sit down; and as the day was just dawning, they sent the sacriste to search for a spring of water from which they might get a refreshing draught. He sought in vain for some time, when a cottager passed him, of whom he enquired for some water, also how far they were from the great road; the man told him with a surly air (which prevented the sacriste from endeavouring to conciliate his friendship) that he was two miles from the great road, and three from the post-house; though three hundred yards on their way was a fountain.

He ran with this account to his wearied fellow travellers, who were not much relieved by his information. Mary and Valeria took each an arm of the sacriste, while Father Quintin, who was too weak to support himself, tottered by their side, leaning on his stick.

With much pain and difficulty they reached the post-house, which was also an auberge; the people, who had not been long up, were busy in their morning occupations, yet they beheld them with surprise and wonder. It was necessary to tell a right varnished tale: Father Quintin trusted to the fertility of his invention, hoping that the congruity of his prompt story would pass it off for truth.

The post-master and his daughter Janette were anxiously curious to know the cause of their deplorable appearance, and why they travelled on foot. They were led into a miserable dirty room, followed by the post-master and Janette, to whom Father Quintin gave the following account, Mary, Valeria, and the sacriste listening with eager attention, least any thing they might afterwards say should contradict the good man's story.

“These ladies and their servant, my

friend, have been overturned in their carriage; the ditch by the road side, as you may perceive, received them. I happily was passing by at the moment, having been to visit a sick cottager, as the duty of my order directs. I gave them all the assistance in my power, and brought them to your house, knowing your kindness and attention to travellers." (The post-master bowed.) "Their carriage is so much broken, as to render it useless, and have left the driver to take it back as well as he can. We require of you a carriage and a pair of horses to take them to Auvignon; while you are preparing them, your lively Janette will provide us some breakfast, and the ladies will change their dress; for they must suffer much from wet and cold."

Janette turned quickly on her heel, with the light lively air of a French opera dancer, rather than a rustic villager, led the ladies to another room, not more remarkable for cleanliness and beauty than the other.

"I am sorry, Father, to say that the ladies cannot be accommodated with a carriage. Horses I have, but no carriage."—"Why I now see one in the yard."—"Yes, holy Father, but it is to be sold."—"Well, but cannot you let it for this short journey?"

“ No, Father, it cannot go out of the yard on any other terms.”

“ What would you wish to oblige the ladies to *purchase* a carriage which will be of no service to them after to-morrow night?”

“ They may go on horseback, or *walk*,” returned he, with a shrug of indifference. This contempt was *felt* by Father Quintin, but not *resented*; he calmly demanded the price of the carriage? “ Fifteen louis,” replied the exorbitant post-master.

“ It is not worth half the money; but no matter, the ladies shall have it.”—“ Mon Dieu!” said the post-master. Whether this was an interjection of surprise at the good Father’s ignorance, or of joy at having over-reached him, he knew not. Be it as it may, the fault will rest on your head, sighed Father Quintin, as his host left the room.

Mary and Valeria having changed their wet garments, returned to Father Quintin, just as Janette brought up the coffee, to which they sat down with some appetite. During the repast, Father Quintin repeated what had passed between him and the post-master. Mary then produced all her treasure, which she found amounted to upwards

of five hundred louis, two of which she generously offered to Father Quintin, which he obstinately refused to accept. She, smiling, asked him how much money he had provided himself with, to purchase friends, and other necessities of life.—

“No more will the cold walls of a convent shelter you from the beating rain, or scorching sun; no habitation now will you find,” (said Mary, while the tears of sympathy trickled down her cheek) “but what money must procure. Yes;” (she added, as if electrified by the thought) “at Lutherdale Hall you will find a home for life. Go, go there, I intreat you,” (tenderly pressing the old man’s hand)—“tell my mother where I am going to, and I will stay with Signora Valeria at Rome till she sends my brother for me: or stay, my dear Father; I will go with you to England.”

“Why should we part,” said Valeria; cannot Father Quintin go to Rome with us? He will, I am sure, be truly welcome to my father.”

“No,” answered the old man; “it will be equally dangerous for me to go with you, or Miss Guraville to return to England with me. Now the malcontents, the regicides of this unhappy land have extirpated



their king from the earth; all their fury is turned against the church; and every man who bears the mark of a religious, will fall a victim to those misled, sanguinary revolutionists. No, my dear children, I will go by myself; and if I reach England, that *enviable island* for internal peace and good government, the bosoms of whose liberal-minded countrymen glow with charity, whose arms are ever open to the friendless stranger, on their unbounded goodness will I throw myself; to them will I look up for that peace which is denied me in my native land. Oh! Frenchmen, how have you stabbed the vitals of your country, and stained the bosom with innocent blood!—The injuries of my murdered Sovereign will plead for protection for his persecuted subjects; nor will it plead in vain—I shall find a kind secure asylum. The pity and commiseration of that happy people, will in some degree soften and lighten the heavy woes that bear down my aged head!—Yes, my dear daughter; I will seek your mother, and tell her, that when we parted you were happily on your journey to Italy, and I trust out of the reach of those fell monsters—the rebel French!”

Here the good old man's voice sunk, his

aged eye was brightened by the tear of distress, which was the true, though weak messenger of the feelings of his heart.

The carriage was ready at the door, when Mary took an affectionate leave of Father Quintin, after forcing on him an hundred louis.

Valeria was much hurt at parting with Father Quintin, but was convinced by his reasons that it was right; the good man saw them safe in their carriage. The sacriste took his seat in the front, and the postilion set off, cracking his whip over his head with all the gaiety a French Republican is capable of feeling under the idea of freedom and equality.

In vain did they endeavour to console each other; they both were sensibly affected at parting with the good Father, and each gave way to their feelings. The silence which reigned was intercepted only by the convulsive sobs which escaped Mary's breast, and the inarticulate attempts of Valeria to soothe her.

Mary's mind was distressed by fears and doubts; her thoughts reverted to the melancholy scene of the evening before, and carried her to the grave of her friend; then

followed Father Quintin, and started accusations against herself.

“ Was it not unkind, nay cruel, to let him wander alone? to seek by himself a place of safety? Our company and conversation would have cheered the gloom, and chased the heavy cloud, that hangs impending over the evening of his days!—He is now a lonely wanderer, flying from his countrymen, once his pride and daily boast! now his detestation, his abhorrence, and his dread!—His agonized heart palpitates painfully at every distant living object, least in the next Frenchman he should meet his murderer!—Ought I not to have sought protection in the arms of my widowed mother?—Should I not have flown *to* my native land, rather than *from* it?—Valeria would have been safe under the care of the sacrifice, and I might have added much towards tranquilizing the sorrowful hours of Father Quintin!—It is now too late; it was his advice that we should thus separate, and I trust in divine Providence!”

Such were the reflections that occupied the harrassed mind of Mary; and long would she have suffered them to pass and repass, had she not been disturbed by the

carriage stopping to change horses, which being done, and the post-master settled with, they proceeded on their journey, and arrived at Auvignon without any particular adventure.

## C H A P. IX.

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The welcome kind, beam'd in her eye,  
Her lovely guests she cheer'd,  
To their tale of woe she paid a sigh,  
And dropp'd the tribute tear.

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MARY inquired for the house of Mons. Crilnaud, and being directed, the postillion drove to the door. Mary, on making herself known, was received with great kindness by Madam Crilnaud and her daughter.

It was late, and both Mary and Signora Valeria were much fatigued by the exercise of both mind and body which they had endured for the last forty hours: indeed it was many nights since Mary had taken proper rest. The terrors they had been in for their own safety, and the solicitude they felt for their aged friend, had so weakened their delicate frames, unaccustomed to exer-

tion and fatigue, that Madam Crilnaud saw the necessity of conducting them to their chamber as soon as possible.

Although herself and daughter were gifted with an ample share of curiosity, yet the distressed, weak, and friendless appearance of Mary and Signora Valeria, pleaded forcibly to their kind hearts. Madam Crilnaud's breast glowed with friendship for the young fugitives, and the soft pity that beamed in her eye, eloquently told the tenderness of her soul. Every selfish idea was lost in the great desire of administering comfort to objects so interesting, and all the means in their power was exerted to cheer the drooping spirits of their young friends. Nor was Mademoiselle inattentive to the sorrows of Mary, for whom she felt a more than common friendship. She had seen and conversed with Henry; his pleasing person and engaging manners had left an impression indelible on her mind. And this was the sister of that Henry she never could forget, though she cherished not the hope of ever seeing him more.

A comfortable supper was served up, of which Mary and Valeria eat but little. After the cloth was removed, Madam Crilnaud presented them with a small glass of

cordial, which they drank. She then conducted them to their chamber, and wished them a good night, contenting herself with the brief account they had given her, till by a good night's rest they should be able to give a full detail of all they had encountered.

The troubles of Mary and Valeria were obliterated from their minds until a late hour. *Sleep*, the best, but coyest friend of the unhappy, hung his *gay* curtain between them and their distresses, and led them joyfully through many a flowery mead to the arms of their dear relatives.

They awoke much refreshed by the sleep they had enjoyed, and finding by their watches it was late, they hastened to the breakfast parlour, where they found Madam Crilnaud and her daughter waiting, who kindly saluted them on their entering the room, declared themselves delighted at seeing their countenances expressive of so much vivacity, a mark they had slept well. As they took their coffee, Mary related to the attentive ear of her new friends a full account of their adventures. Madam Crilnaud expressed great concern at Madam du Saint's death; and in the politest and most affectionate manner intreated them to stay

at Auvignon till letters could be sent to their friends to inform them of their situation, which kind offer they both declined.

Mary could with pleasure have remained, had not *friendship demanded* that she should give up the *mean* idea of self, and share with Valeria all the dangers of the journey to Rome; to which place only would her mother send, should Father Quintin reach England in safety to inform her.

Madam Crilnaud concurred with Mary, that it was right she should accompany Signora Valeria to Rome; also that they should lose no time on the road: yet she wished them to stay till the return of Mons. Crilnaud from Paris, to which place he was called by the deranged state of a house with which he had large concerns; but she thought the time of his absence would not be long.

Alas! ill-fated woman! her hopes of his return were never realized. A few days after the departure of Mary and Valeria, a Paris paper conveyed to her eyes the dreadful account of his death.

The first partner of the house Mons. Crilnaud had a share in, was a few weeks before he went to Paris, seized by those *self authorized* informers of laws, and *propagators* of



*liberty*; accused of taking the lead of a party of loyalists, and favoring the views of his king; for which greatest of all crimes, (at that time) and because his principles were inimical to their interests, he was condemned, and suffered; and the worthy Monsi. Crilnaud shared the same fate, under a supposition that as he belonged to the same firm, he must possess the same principles.

Mary and Valeria being perfectly recovered by a second night's rest, proposed to take their leave.

Madam Crilnaud, as is usual with all French wives, was fully acquainted with her husband's business; and knowing that the rents due to Madam du Saint were the right of Mary, insisted on supplying her with money. The full amount due she could not pay, having but seven hundred louis in cash; and to give her assignats would be of no use, as that paper was only current in France. Mary felt the just goodness of Madam Crilnaud, received the money, and gave a receipt.

The sacriste, who in every action evinced the interest he took in all that concerned Mary and Valeria, was indefatigable in providing every thing that could render their

journey comfortable, was ready at the door with the carriage and the additional appendage of a small trunk tied on behind, as the ladies increased their wardrobe by purchasing a travelling dress each.

The ladies took an affectionate leave of each other ; never was a sincerer friendship formed on so short an acquaintance.

The calamities of the unfortunate give them (to generous minds) a stronger claim on their friendship and assistance than the ties of blood.

A good man, virtuously and patiently struggling with misfortunes, is an interesting object to a beneficent mind ; his adversity draws him close, and renders him dear to a heart of sensibility ; nor can it know rest till all its powers have been exerted to relieve him, and have in some degree alleviated his sorrows.

Such was the heart that blessed the bosom of Madam Crilnaud ; eagerly active to give every assistance to a deserving object, and tremblingly alive to every tale of sorrow, each woe-drawn sigh would strike on pity's tender strings, reverberate on her heart, and expand her soul in charitable love.

Madam Crilnaud parted with the fair travellers with great reluctance, and, in a soft

fight sent forth a fervent ejaculation for their safety.

Mary and Valeria, with their faithful sacriste, began their journey with more serenity of mind than they had felt for some days.

Mary found much to attract her attention, and divert her from herself; though the road was extremely bad, the beauty of the surrounding country engaged her thoughts; the beautiful grand scenery broke suddenly on their delighted view.

“ Here, my dear Valeria, is the truly sublime and beautiful to contemplate. How is the human mind, my dear, elevated and carried beyond itself, when viewing the wonderful hand of the Creator in all his works: behold those immense rocks, whose spiry heads pierce the clouds, and are lost to the eye; mid-way down the hills, the sun’s refulgent rays draw forth to view the lofty pine, mountain ash, and oriental plane tree, while, nearer their basis, flourishes the olive, whose pale green adds beauty by its contrast: at the foot of each, grows luxuriantly every delightful flowering shrub and aromatic herb. For ever could I climb those rugged rocks, and stray in these lovely vallies; my time would be divinely spent

in adoring the Deity, whose omnipotence I see in all around me ! whose goodness I feel in the inmost recesses of my soul !”

Mary's mind was so fully occupied by the enchanting scenes, that not even the danger of being overturned could for an instant engage her attention, or awaken her fears. Her eyes surveyed objects the most sublime and interesting, which conveyed to her mind a sensible lesson, and gave her a juster idea of her Creator, and his omnipresence, than she could have received from the most laborious dissertations.

They travelled quietly on till they arrived at Aix.

On entering the town they found a great concourse of people assembled, who were making a most tumultuous noise. Every former fear returned with redoubled force, and for some minutes nearly deprived them of the power of utterance.

Numbers drew round the carriage and demanded who they were. The sacriste, though trembling every limb, prudently cried out, as loud as his tremulous voice would let him, *Vive la Nation ! Vive la Republic !* then some of the crowd echoed him, while others demanded why he did not wear the national cockade.

“ It was taken from my hat at the *Auberge*, where I slept last night, by a *bon garcon*, whose heart glowed with republican fire ! and whose principles are liberty and equality ! as you may see by the freedom he took with my cockade.”

This quick and well timed invention of the *sacriste* gained them the favour of the multitude, and was of more use to them than a passport. An officer of the national guard gave the *sacriste* a cockade, then opening the carriage door, presented one to each lady, who were nearly fainting. They took the alarm on hearing the *sacriste* so questioned. As the carriage door opened, the universal cry of *A la lanterne ! A la lanterne !* assailed their ears ; and judging they were the objects of popular fury, they sunk back in the coach and uttered a piercing shriek. The officer begged they would not be alarmed ; that they might rest assured of his protection, and he only wished they would oblige him so far as to wear a tri-coloured cockade at their bosoms, as a proof of the state of their hearts towards the glorious revolution.

They immediately took the cockades and placed them as he desired, then begged the carriage might be allowed to proceed to the

ing in the death of the tyrant ! as they call an ill-fated murdered monarch ! O ! my dear ladies, I could exclaim ! but will not ; it can be of no use to the dear royal martyr ! and may injure us, should I be overheard. — Well, ladies, they expressed their highest detestation of the act—a detestation that must be felt by every good and generous heart, and avowed by every honest one—then the assembly rung with—traitors ! traitors ! A la lanterne ! they were then seized, and this day executed.”

“ Did you see them, Mary ? ”

“ Yes, Valeria, indeed I did ; the sight was dreadful, and will leave a lasting impression on my mind.”

“ Thank God I did not ; my eyes were spared the sight of such savage cruelties, the relation of which makes my heart bleed, and fills my mind with horror, and a thousand dreadful presages of the future.”

“ Do not fear, Signora,” said their youthful guide, secretly priding himself on the quickness and sagacity with which he answered the questions of the mob, and accounted for not having a national cockade. Valeria, who had studied Lavater a little saw, by the self-approving smile that played on his countenance, what passed in his

mind ; and her kind heart owned, that he merited both praise and gratitude that had not yet been paid him, observed—

“ My fears do not arise from any doubt of your abilities, or wishes, to protect us ; of the former we have indubitable proofs, and of the latter we were assured on the evening we left the convent ;—but if men of large property, living, as may be supposed, surrounded by friends, cannot escape popular fury ! if, for nobly supporting their opinions and principles, they are torn from their families, and suffer an ignominious death—what have we not to fear ?—Think, should our *real* situation be *known*, should they have the *least idea* that we are *actually flying* from a convent, *already devoted* to the *fury* of their fellows in rapine and murder ! ”

The sacrifice, with an assenting shrug, exclaimed—“ Mon Dieu ! ” A degree of terror in his voice, convinced Valeria that his fears were little less than her own :—then laying his finger on his mouth, said, “ Silence, my dear ladies, will be our best guard, and an apparent indifference to all that passes. Shall I send you coffee, and enquire what you can have for supper ? ”

Mary begged he would ; as she thought a cup of coffee might raise their spirits.

He went out of the room, then returned, shutting the door carefully.

“ Pray, ladies, when the officer comes to pay you a visit, be cautious what you say. I fear him much; he cannot be a good man, or he would not belong to a national corps. Frenchmen are not Frenchmen now. They have changed their nature; I disclaim them. They have hitherto been branded as cowards; how far they deserved the epithet I know not; but this I know, I would rather unjustly bear the name of coward than deserve that of villain! and they, my misguided countrymen! they have perpetrated their names to the end of time, as *villains* and *regicides*!

“ I would cheerfully cut out half my tongue, if, by doing so, I could conceal to what nation I owe my birth.”

Here he paused, while painful emotions filled his breast!

“ No,” resumed he, “ I will avow that France is indeed my country, and for the honour of that country shew the world, that at least one honest man—one virtuous loyal subject, was driven from his native land by her unnatural sons, who have stained their hands in the blood of the father of his people.



Here his feelings overpowered him, and he sunk on a chair.

Mary gave him some water, that was brought for herself, which he drank; then rising, apologized for the liberty he had taken. In sitting down, Mary smiling, said, she thought it adviseable to wave all ceremony, and, if Signora Valeria approved, she wished they might take their meals together. The sacriste bowed, and retired to order coffee.

## C H A P. X.

---

With eager eye he view'd his captives fair,  
And joy'd his greedy heart the prize to share.

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“MY reason,” my dear Valeria, “for proposing that the sacriste should eat and sit with us, is, lest, when he may be in the common room below, he should be drawn into conversation; and as, at this time, every Frenchman is a politician and almost all republicans, they may (and perhaps fatally for us) discover his principles.”

Valeria perfectly agreed with her friend; and soon after the sacriste entered, followed by the master of the auberge, who promised to let them have good horses at an early hour in the morning.

The sacriste took his seat, and sipped his coffee with ease, at the same time observed the most respectful behaviour.

Mary and Valeria conversed with him freely, and found he was both intelligent and well read. They began to feel his company was an acquisition, and beguiled the heavy fearful hours.

Soon after the coffee was removed, a soldier of the national guard entered, followed by the master of the hotel. As he walked in they all started; the sight of the soldier had a visible effect on their nerves. Had they been regarded with a suspicious eye, the fear in their looks would have condemned them.

After bowing with profound respect, he presented his officer's compliments, that he desired to know how the ladies found themselves after their fatigue; begged they would accept his excuses for not waiting on them, that his official business prevented him. If they did not leave Aix at too early an hour, he would do himself the honour of wishing them a pleasant journey in person.

By this time their fears were hushed, and Mary returned their compliments; regretted they could not have the honour of seeing

him, as they had ordered the horses at an early hour; desired their thanks for his kind attentions.

The soldier bowed; then turned to the host:

“ My officer desires you will accommodate these ladies properly, and pay them every respect.”—Which the obsequious innkeeper promised with many bows and scrapes.

As the door shut, the sacrifice clapped his hands together, exclaiming: “ Mon Dieu I am happy he does not come: I feared him as I should do an inquisitor: but that trial is over. Now, ladies, we will eat our supper, and leave this place of horror in the morning as soon as possible. But if I may advise, with submission, a plan for our future travelling; it will, I think, be much safer to make part of our journey by sea but, if you reject it, I will obey your directions.”

“ Pray propose any thing that can possibly take us quietly out of this distracted country; both myself and Valeria will be happy to find ourselves in a land of quiet. The uncertain sea is preferable to a country in which we are in perpetual fear for our

lives, and every living object fills us with terror !”

“ We are now, ladies, one long day’s journey from Marseilles ; there we shall find vessels from every quarter of the globe ; and I think we may embark from thence for any part in Italy : in doing so, we shall avoid every danger from the revolutionists ; also of crossing the Alps, which at this season of the year is nearly impracticable. The deep snows which lie on the highest passes of Mount Senis seldom begin to decrease till March or April, and before then you cannot travel over them but at the hazard of your life : you must have an additional number of guides ; the expence will be great, and will at last, perhaps, end in our being lost in the snow ; or, by mistaking the path (every tract being smoothly filled up), be hurried headlong into the dreadful abyss, or roll with the waters of the roaring cataract.”

“ We cannot, I think, hesitate one moment to follow your advice,” said Mary, “ were it only to avoid fears and frights similar to those we have already suffered, added to the dangers of the Alps, which, from your description, I have as little inclination to encounter, puts it beyond a doubt

which mode of performing our journey to adopt."

"To take that which is least dangerous," replied Valeria, "I would advise; the Alps I have once crossed, but it was in the month of August; I then had many fears, and much snow lay on the different heights, but the anxiety I have felt to fly from the present danger totally excluded all thought of what we might meet with in crossing that wonderful chain of rocks; I therefore am equally willing to proceed by sea from Marseilles to Leghorn; from thence our journey will be safe and pleasant to Rome."

Their route being thus settled, their spirits were more tranquil, and they began to feel as if all their troubles were now at an end.

The sacriste felt a degree of satisfaction in seeing that his plan was approved, and his spirits were much elevated by the prospect of performing the remainder of their journey in safety and ease. Yet, although he skipped about the room, and gave orders with all the gaiety of a Frenchman, there was an air of solicitude in all his actions for the safety of his fair fellow travellers, which none but a kind disinterested heart could feel.

In the interval between coffee and supper, after matters were adjusted for their departnre next morning, Mary led the sacrifice (designedly) to speak of himself.

He perceived her wish, and said, if it would afford her the least amusement, he would relate the story of his life.

Valeria joined Mary in requesting he would gratify them.

“ I was born at Bourdeaux ; my father was a merchant, and part owner of two or three vessels that traded up the Streights. My mother died when I was about three months old, and my father, who was inconsolable for her loss, would never think of another marriage. I was his only care ; he engaged a person to nurse me at home ; for he would not suffer me to be taken out of his house, indeed scarcely out of his sight. As I grew up I was his only consolation and delight.

“ Thus did I live, the idol of my father, till I was ten years old, when one fatal day he, with two friends, who were sharers in a ship of his, which had taken in her lading and was ready to sail, went on board to communicate some orders to the captain.

The day being very fine, they were prevailed on by the captain to dine on board, and sail down the Garonne; and return when the pilot did. Their friendship for the captain, and the fineness of the weather, induced them to consent.

They failed at the usual distance from the mouth of the Garonne, when the boat was manned to put them ashore. They had not reached half way up the river, when the face of the horizon was enveloped in one black cloud, and a terrible hurricane arose. Notwithstanding the great skill and exertion of the sailors, the boat upset, and my dear lamented father and his friends were lost. The poor sailors, by different means, were all saved, and returned with the melancholy news to their captain.

“ From that day I may date all my miseries. I then was turned adrift on the world, friendless and unprotected. Blown from one part to another by the pitiless breath of the opulent and unfeeling, on no one had I any claim for protection; no relation either by consanguinity or marriage in that city, or in the world, but one, and he was a recluse in a convent some leagues from Bourdeaux. For several weeks after



the death of my father, I was tossed about in a most cruel manner; taken to one merchant's house for a few days, then sent to another, and at last treated with a coldness and neglect I had never before experienced, and which, though young, I severely felt. The greatest part of my time was spent in tears for the loss of my dear parent, and at the unkindness with which I was treated.

At last a gentleman with whom my father had large concerns, and whose name stood over large sums on the debtors side of his book, pretended to compassionate my unprotected state, and undertook to settle my father's affairs, and asserted that when his accounts were called in, and his debts paid, I should be a rich orphan, and openly avowed the sums he owed him.

“ This apparent open dealing gained him the confidence of all those who had condescended to take a little notice of me, and not wishing to interfere in so troublesome a business, they gladly consigned me and my affairs to him.

“ He immediately placed me at a public school, where, meeting with many boys of my age, and joining in their amusements, my troubles were nearly obliterated, and

my spirits resumed their natural gaiety. I now and then looked in vain, when reproved by the master for neglect, for the fond caresses of a parent. Then would my dead father, and all my subsequent misfortunes rush at once on my mind, weigh down my spirits, and swell my little heart to a state of bursting.

But the natural thoughtlessness of youth, assisted by time, blunted the edge of my sorrows, and custom soon reconciled me to the severity of a school.

“ My guardian, as I was taught to call him, made me frequent visits, and intreated for several indulgencies for me, though against the rules of the school, yet in consideration of my orphan state, were granted.

“ I at length became the envy of my school-fellows, and my guardian the admiration of my master, and all who were witnesses of his kindness to me.

“ Two years had I been at this seminary of learning, and, from the punctuality with which all my bills were paid, I was become a great favourite; when one day news arrived that my guardian had confiscated all my father's property and left Bourdeaux; that he had collected the money that was

due to him, which, together with the goods in his warehouse (and these he sold as soon as possible), amounted to upwards of an hundred thousand livres : he had also taken of his own property to a large amount, but had left debts to a much larger.

“ This was a thunder stroke to my kind schoolmaster ; he no longer felt the least penchant for me, and his first study was how to get quit of me.

“ He immediately went to the merchants with whom he knew I had spent some time previous to my being placed under his care ; when, after some consultation, it was determined, that I should be sent to the only surviving brother of my father, who resided in a monastery at Thoulouse.

“ But how I was to be sent was the next question : a poor schoolmaster could not afford to pay the expences, as it was some distance.

“ To prevent farther altercation, the gentlemen generously subscribed a sum sufficient.

“ My kind master sent me off the next day, and with me a letter for my uncle, containing a full detail of my father's death, a circumstance he till then was ignorant of,

and the villainy of the man who took on himself to be my guardian.

“ After a journey of several days, I arrived at Thoulouse, and was received by my uncle with surprise.

“ When he had read the letter, he expressed much concern for his brother's death, and more anger that the gentlemen did not write to him at the time, and give him power to protect me, and preserve my father's property.

“ He pitied my helpless state, and kindly soothed my sorrows. He endeavoured to dissipate the childish fears I expressed at the dreary cell, with the stone vaulted roof, and the long gloomy corridors into which each cell opened, along which each step is echoed in deep sullen sounds.

“ But here, as in other places, I was soon reconciled to the dreariness of the dwelling, and the scowling discontented looks of the inhabitants. I had been so much accustomed to change, that nothing appeared new to me long.

“ My uncle frequently and kindly assisted me in my studies; and, in the course of three years, I was perfect master of Latin and Greek, though I was by no means a despicable Latinist when I left school;

but, under my uncle's eye, I went through all the classics with great credit to myself.

“ At the age of fifteen I began to look about me, and made observations not very favourable to the brotherhood; and I discovered that my uncle gave way to dissipation that would have disgraced a layman: how, thought I, can a man who has vowed to devote his life to his God, reconcile such practices to his conscience, I knew not. In short, the more I saw, the more desirous I was to see; and every day I grew more disgusted by their hypocrisy.

“ When one night the bell had rung for midnight prayers, and all the brethren were assembled, the superior did not appear; when a young brother, with a design of revenge I did not then suspect, told me to go and wake the superior.

“ Go, said he, go to the bed-side and wake him quickly: don't knock at the door of his cell, but go in.

“ Away I ran, eager to obey, not thinking of the impropriety of entering his cell without the ceremony of knocking.

“ I hastened to the bed-side, and, woeful tale, surprised this pious man with a fair nun by his side.

“ When he entered the chapel, I observed, he regarded every face with a scrutinizing eye, and he judged by their countenances that they were ignorant of the scene I had witnessed ; not that any one in the whole community would have objected to supply his place ; and it was generally known among them that each now and then indulged himself with the conversation of the fair nuns of the adjacent convent ; yet they appeared to receive their visits secretly.

“ As I was passing through the cloisters next morning, I met the abbot :

“ Hail my son ! he cried, where are you going ?

“ With a message, father, to one of the brothers, from my uncle, said I.

“ Remember, my son, the respect that is due to every brother of this convent, and break not on their privacy, but first knock at the door of his cell.

“ Holy father ! returned I, I ask your forgiveness ; the moment I entered your cell I saw the impropriety of my rash conduct, of which I sincerely repent, and beg you will conceal my fault.

“ Thou art a fine lad, he answered, go in peace.

“ I shall father, with your benediction, returned I.

“ He then laid his hand on my head, and dismissed me with a smile ; under which I saw more malice than good will.

“ I returned to my cell, fully impressed with the idea, that I was the object of his future revenge, and that I should fall a victim to his premeditated cruelty ; for well I knew him to be inhuman, deep, and designing, slow in his motions, but always sure.

“ After forming many projects, and declining as many, I at last fixed on one which I determined to put in practice the next morning.

When I had settled this matter I felt more at ease.

“ I then examined myself on the propriety of my meditated flight, but could not reproach myself with ingratitude, for flying from an uncle, for whom I could not feel any respect or esteem, and whose principles I detested ; nor for leaving a community of men by whose charity I had been fed, clothed, and educated, but for whom I must ever feel a just abhorrence ; whose duplicity of character convinced me of the depravity of their hearts, and who, under

the cloak of religion, indulged in every sensual excess.

“ I spent the whole of the afternoon with my uncle ; he conversed with me, I thought, with more freedom and kindness than usual ; and, when the thought rushed on my mind that possibly this was the last time we should ever see each other, I felt a painful sensation at my heart ; but self-preservation outweighed every other consideration.

“ After midnight prayers were over, I told the porter, that my uncle had ordered me to go and enquire after the health of a sick brother, who was removed to a house which belonged to the convent, and was purchased by them, for the purpose of resorting to in case of sickness ; it was situated on an elevated healthy spot five miles from the town.

I told him I should set off at day-break ; and, to prevent my disturbing him, he had better give me the key, and I would lock the gate after me, and let it down through the grating.

“ He gave me the key without any hesitation ; and so eager was I to leave those detested walls, that, as soon as I thought all were asleep, I crept softly along the hol-



low-sounding cloisters, the night-loving bird flitted before me, and nearly extinguished my lamp, which, added to my fears of being discovered, made my heart beat painfully.

“ At last I drew back the heavy bolts, and turned the ponderous lock.

“ I soon found myself in the street ; nor can I describe my sensations as I locked the gate.

“ The gratitude and tenderness I once felt for my uncle returned and operated so violently, it nearly prevailed on me to re-enter the convent. Then the abbot, his menacing smile, and the too probable consequence of his anger, all rushed on my mind, and carried me from the gate, not knowing that I moved.

“ When the perturbation of my mind had a little subsided, I found I was on the road towards Castlenoudry, at which place I arrived late that night.

“ As my finances did not exceed six or eight livres, it was adviseable that I should be careful. Accordingly I went to a house, whose accommodations and charges were suited to my abilities of payment.

“ While I was taking a frugal supper of salad, bread, cheese, and small wine, it

occurred to me that I possibly should meet with a friend, in a worthy old man, who had paid my uncle a visit, ten or twelve months ago. During his stay, which was some days, he often conversed with me, and behaved in a kind and friendly manner.

“ To him I was determined to apply, and asked the host how far it was to Nismes? On being told it was five or six days journey on horseback, my heart sunk, for I found my money would not support me during so long a journey; but, with the determination to make the attempt, I went to bed and slept soundly.

“ In the course of the next day's journey I was overtaken by a carriage, and obtained leave of the gentleman to ride on the baggage as far as Montpelier; from thence I proceeded on foot, and completed my journey on the eighth day.

“ On my enquiring for Father Justian at the convent of worthy Carmelites, I was shewn into the porter's cell, and the good father soon made his appearance; he received me most cordially, and, without asking the cause of my visit, set before me a basin of soup, bread, cheese, and wine, which was very acceptable, as I had not eat

any thing that day, having paid my last sours for my bed and supper the night before.

“ When I had finished my repast, which I eat with more pleasure than I had ever before felt on satisfying hunger, the good Father Justian took me to his cell, and made every enquiry respecting the cause of my journey.

“ I, without the least disguise, related to him the cause of my quitting the convent, likewise the observations I had made for many months before, on my uncle’s manner of life, and the great enormities I had witnessed in the brotherhood.

“ During my relation, Father Quintin lifted up his hands and eyes towards heaven, sighed, and sent forth pious ejaculations for their conversion.

“ He commended me for the proper detestation and abhorrence I felt of such practices, also for the silence I had observed respecting the abbot.

“ He provided me with a cell for that night.

“ The next morning he presented me to the abbot and all the brothers of the convent, as the orphan son of a friend.

“ I continued some weeks with Father Justian; my days were spent in alternately walking, reading, and conversing with him; when one day the worthy Father Quintin (Mary and Valeria sighed) asked me if I had any objections to do the business of the sacriste at the Benedictine convent for a short time, as he was just taken ill.

“ I gladly accepted the offer, knowing that I had no right to live on the bounty of others, where I had health and strength to provide for myself, if the means were pointed out to me.

“ The next morning I entered on my new employment, and after a few days, when I became acquainted with the duties of my department, I acquitted myself with satisfaction to the worthy abbess.

“ My predecessor died, and upwards of five years did I pass in tranquillity and happiness, under the mild government of Madam du Saint.

“ Both Father Quintin and Father Justian frequently gave me their company and advice; they also provided me with books, as my vocations did not employ more than one-third of the day.

“ And now, O dreadful thought! the insurrection in my unhappy country has

driven me from my cell, my books, and France, a life of happy tranquillity, to wander in the world unknown! without friends or money! Go where I may, I shall be branded with the crimes of my misled countrymen! whose infamy and wickedness suffuse my cheek with a blush, whenever I hear their actions spoken of, or even when I think of them."

Mary and Valeria both thanked him for having indulged their curiosity, in relating his life; and they commiserated his friendless state.

Valeria assured him, that, while she lived, he might claim her friendship and assistance.

"At present," observed Mary, "I am as friendless as yourself, with only this difference, I have some cash which will supply all our wants for some time; and I look forward with pleasing hope, that, long ere it is exhausted, I shall be under the protection of my dear mother. If you will go with me to England, I can promise you a cordial welcome; my mother will receive with grateful pleasure the protector of her child."

The sacriste expressed his gratitude to

both ; when the entrance of supper put an end to their professions and his thanks.

During supper they assumed a gaiety and cheerfulness they were far from feeling.

The sacriste told many whimsical anecdotes, which excited much mirth.

The garcon that waited on them, declared, they were all happy revolutionists, or they would not be so merry.

Soon after supper they retired to rest ; and, after a comfortable repose, left Aix in good spirits.

On their arrival at Marseilles, the sacriste was indefatigable in enquiring for a vessel. He heard of one belonging to Geneva bound to Leghorn.

The captain, who was a Genoese, waited on them, and they agreed for their passage.

Both Mary and Valeria felt a greater confidence in the sacriste than ever, from the simple narrative of his life, they judged that his principles were untainted ; and the rectitude of his conduct confirmed their opinion.

Previous to their embarkation, Mary made him acquainted with the sum of money she had, and gave him more than one third to take care of ; the rest she divided between Valeria and herself, thinking it

safer about their persons than in the trunk,

Things thus settled, they went on board, and set sail with a favourable wind.

The beauties of the Mediterranean coast much attracted their attention.

Mary took many sketches of the lovely white towns and villas which are situated in a manner truly picturesque and romantic; her pencil copied in a masterly stile the immense hills, rising behind each other in endless perspective, dressed in all the luxuriant diversity of eternal vegetation, contrasted with the awfully majestic Alps, whose spiry heads are lost in the azure sky, and whose rugged bosoms were smoothed with snow.

Her colourings were natural and highly finished.

The dark cypress, the pale green olive, the lofty plane tree, whose tall branchless trunk leads the eye to an amazing height, at the top of which its expanding shoots and beautiful green foliage afford a salutary shade to the variegated shrubs and aromatic herbs that grow beneath; to all Mary's pencil gave the most pleasing delineation.

While Valeria sung, as she termed it, to

the syrens on the coast ; or watched the dolphins playing around the vessel, which they continually did whilst the sun shone.

On the fourth day of their passage, they were alarmed by an Algerine corsair, bearing down upon them.

There being but little wind, all efforts to escape being captured seemed entirely unavailing.

The corsair being well manned, and working vigorously at their oars, they gained fast upon them.

The Genoese carried but four small guns, and seeing the superior force of the corsair, they did not wish to engage. However, there was no alternative but to fight or strike ; and, as the Padrona possessed more courage than is generally met with in Italian sailors, he gave orders to resist the enemy.

Each man did honour to his country ; they fought for some time with bravery ; but at last the Algerines overpowered them, and, in less than half an hour, they were boarded by more than fifty men, who barbarously cut down all before them, notwithstanding the active exertions of many of the Genoese sailors, who were not less dexterous with their stilettos, and, while the



Mahometan robbers were most inhumanly using their sabres, the active Genoese mortally wounded many of them in the back.

Signor Bartini, not willing to trifle with the lives of his men, delivered his sword to the commander of the corsair; who immediately gave the signal for his men to murder no more, which was instantly obeyed; they then secured the Italian sailors.

When the commander of the corsair, who was an Irish renegado, went down into the cabin to confine Signor Bartini, he was surprised at the sight of Mary and Valeria, who lay lifeless on the floor; and the sacrifice shedding over them tears of affection and regret, while he was using every means in his power to restore suspended animation.

The sight of the two fair captives filled him with delight; and he began already to estimate the value of his prize.

At length they recovered.

Mary, without knowing what she said, spoke in her native tongue, which was understood by none but the renegado.

How was he astonished to find in one of his captives an English woman; he felt a degree of remorse on his conscience, and something like pity stealing on his heart.

He kindly took her hand and addressed her in English ; desired she would quiet her fears, and place the utmost confidence in him ; that though she now beheld him in the character of a depredator, yet his heart continually condemned his actions ; that it was to quit a life of slavery which induced him to change his religion ; that, though he was accountable to the Dey for all he should find in the prize, yet it was in his power to protect both her and her fair companion.

Mary's distress was too great to suffer her to listen to the kind assurance of the renegado ; but, as soon as she found she was a prisoner to one of her countrymen, she threw her arms round his neck, and implored his protection.

The renegado, who, when he abjured his religion, had not wholly resigned his feelings for the fair sex, and his countrywomen in particular, felt the tender pressure of Mary's arms.

The movements of his soul overpowered at once the oath he had made to Mahomet.

The trust he had accepted from the Dey, and the solemn vow he had made to be faithful to that trust, all vanished from his mind, was obliterated and forgot, in the

interest he felt for the safety of Mary and her friends.

Many suggestions arose in his mind, and as quickly receded.

This moment he determined to call off his men, and quit the prize; then he saw himself accused to the Dey of infidelity to the service, and his head would pay the forfeit.

It then occurred to him, that he would order his men on board the galley, and he would remain in the ship, sail to Leghorn, and abandon the Dey and his service; but he feared his men would not obey his order. Some had been witnesses to the pathetic manner in which Mary had pleaded for protection; they marked that the sternness of his countenance relaxed, and his face wore the soothing marks of pity; they watched him with an attentive and suspicious eye; the whisper ran among them that their commander had met with some of his friends; and, as soon as they had secured the ship's crew, they all ran to the cabin to view the fair Christians.

At this critical juncture, a Spanish corvette came within sight unobserved by the Algerines; they soon perceived the situation of the Genoese vessel, crowded all their sail

(and at that moment a favourable breeze fortunately sprung up) brought them alongside in a few minutes; they boarded her before the Algerines knew they were near.

Their astonishment and consternation deprived them of the power of defending themselves. Nor did the renegado endeavour to excite his men to action.

In a short time, the Spaniards cleared the vessel of those desperadoes, suffering them all to escape to their galley, which they did with the utmost precipitation, all except their commander, whose feelings were so worked upon by the late distressing scene, and whose conscience severely reproached him for actions he now recollected with terror, that he seized this first opportunity of flying from the barbarous employment, and his still more barbarous employer.

The grateful joy Mary and Valeria felt on hearing they were retaken by the Spanish corvette, was unbounded; the transaction was too sudden; their feelings nearly overpowered them; it was some time before they could think or speak with any degree of composure.

Don Guiza saw with pleasure the state of the renegado's mind. He promised him his

friendship and assistance to enable him to return to his native country.

On examining the state of the crew, they found twelve out of fourteen were wounded, nine of whom died before night.

The Spanish captain put some of his hands on board, to work the vessel, and they took her safe into Barcelona.

Don Guiza invited Mary, Valeria, and the sacriste, to his house.

The renegado accompanied them, for he now looked on himself as a dependent on the captain.

Mary and Valeria were kindly received by Donna Valona, the captain's lady.

An elegant supper was served up; after which she politely attended them to their chamber.

The sacriste was understood to be their friend, and received the same attentions from Don Guiza.

The next morning Don Guiza, in conversation with Mary, understood her name was Guraville. He enquired of what country she was a native. She briefly related to him the history of her family, beginning at that period when her great grandfather married contrary to the wishes of his family, and, leaving England, settled in some part

of Spain ; all which he heard without taking particular notice of any part of her story ; but politely thanking her for indulging his curiosity, wished the ladies a good morning, begging leave to introduce them to a few friends at dinner, left the room.

Mary and Valeria were agreeably entertained in walking and conversing with Donna Valona, who was a sensible, well informed woman, elegant in her manners, and amiable in her disposition. She possessed but very little of that haughty reserve and sullen dignity, that characterises the Spaniards, both male and female.

A short time before dinner the ladies retired to dress.

On entering the drawing-room, Don Guiza took Mary by the hand, and led her to a lady and gentleman, whom he introduced to her by the name of Guraville.

Mary started !

The lady embraced her tenderly, then turning to her husband, presented Mary to him.

He affectionately saluted her, and expressed the joy he felt at their unexpected meeting. He then presented her to his two sons, the eldest about seventeen, the other near fifteen years of age.

The surprise of finding in a strange land relations, she never knew she had ; the pleasure she felt at the unfeigned joy they expressed at the discovery, affected her feelings to a painful degree ; she wept, but they were tears of joy and gratitude.

“ I thought myself,” said Mary, “ a few hours ago, a hopeless forlorn wanderer ! driven by misfortune far from my native home—no hope or consolation left—no anchor to rest on, but my companions in distress and difficulty—when we became the captives of those barbarians, our hearts sunk to the lowest degree of despondence—at that moment we would have welcomed death in any form—when all-protecting Providence, ever watchful for our good, snatched us from slavery and death, by the hands of Don Guiza. And now, by this our worthy deliverer, I am thrown in the arms of the kindest friends, who are not less willing than able to protect me !”

Thus did Mary pour forth the feelings of her grateful heart.

Valeria, whose sympathizing soul participated in the good fortune of her friend, rose from her seat, and throwing her arms

round Mary's neck, congratulated her on the opening prospect of happiness.

The tender effusion of friendship uttered by Signora Valeria, the exquisite sensations that filled the heart of Mary, and were visible in her countenance, strongly affected the whole circle. The pellucid tear trembled in each female eye, while feelings not less tender and delicate filled the noble bosoms of the gentlemen, but whose manly eyes scorned to betray the softness of their hearts.

Alonzo, the youngest of Don Guraville's sons, felt in its full force the affecting scene. His young heart swelled with indescribable emotions—he knew not why—he caught the soft contagion—the generous impulsive movements of his soul stimulated his actions—the silken cord that binds congenial souls instinctively drew him to the side of Mary ; he took her hand, and in the tenderest accents, said :

“ My dear cousin, you feel too sensibly the little kindness your friends have shewn you. If the services they still hope to render you should continue to oppress you in this manner, I shall tremble for your health. I do assure you, so happy am I in having found so amiable a relation, and so warmly



do I feel myself attached to you, that, were I master of my own actions, I would not leave you till I saw you safe in your mother's arms."

Mary was both surprised and delighted with this affectionate address of her Spanish cousin; she embraced and kissed him with fraternal affection.

"Give me your hand, my noble minded Alonzo," said his father, "I am happy to find you have already conceived such an affectionate attachment for Miss Guraville, nor shall you be disappointed in your wish. I have long been meditating a voyage to England; but the little hope I entertained of meeting any relations (though I had a strong idea that I had some still living in England) prevented me from determining on the journey. I now will prepare in a few weeks for the voyage, and you, my Alonzo, shall have the supreme delight of seeing your cousin safe under her mother's protection."

Mary thanked Don Guraville for this unhop'd for goodness; said that the declaration of his intentions had made her perfectly happy.

Dinner being announced, they all obeyed

the summons ; never did a party sit down to table more sincerely pleased with each other, and themselves, than this happy groupe ; each secretly exulting in what they had done, or what they had acquired.

Don Guraville reflected with pleasure on the acquisition of a new relation, and that it was in his power to render her some service.

Don Guiza exulted that he was the cause of that discovery.

The Sacrifte felt an honest joy in reflecting, that he was the source from whence all these incidents arose.

While the renegado summed up all the happy events together, and esteemed himself as being instrumental to them.

He now flattered himself with the hope, that as out of evil proceeded good, it would in some degree expiate his crimes. If his actions had been criminal, which he could hardly persuade himself they were, his conscience acquitted him for breaking his oath to Mahomet ; an oath which he took merely to deliver himself from a state of pain and slavery.

I am sensible, thought he, the truly pious Christian would not have taken that oath ; he would have endured every thing

and encountered hardships unheard of, rather than have appeared to forsake his God.

But it was not so with me; I did not sufficiently rely on his divine assistance; I thought every artifice warrantable to effect my deliverance.

Yet, when I took the oath, the Almighty knew my heart; besides, I only swore by Alla, and I consider it no more than if I had sworn by his beard.

Thus did he endeavour to reconcile himself to his actions.

Yet his conscience was by no means perfectly easy; neither did it oppress him so much as to prevent him from joining in the general happiness.

Don Guraville requested that he might have the pleasure of entertaining Mary and her companions during their stay in Spain. Don Guiza consented; and Mary gratefully accepted the invitation.

She immediately wrote to her mother, informed her where she was, and that, as soon as possible, she should leave Spain with her new found relatives.

Valeria also wrote to her friends at Rome to the same effect.

Don Guraville proposed going by sea to

Cevita Veccha, and would conduct Valeria to Rome ; from whence they would proceed on their journey to England with as little delay as possible.

The next day, by invitation, the whole party dined with Don Guraville, where Mary, Valeria, and the Sacriste, remained during their stay in Spain.

## C H A P. XI.

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For health she sought Italia's lovely shore,  
Inhal'd the floating breeze and healthful gale ;  
When balmy sweets on Zephy's wing are bore  
On upland heights or on the flowery vale.

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A FEW days after Celina became an inhabitant of Beach Park, Mrs. Bouvrie received a letter from a sister-in-law, a widow lady, who had been for some time in a declining state of health, informing her, it was the opinion of the physician, that nothing but a visit to Italy could be of service to her ; that she had arranged every thing for her journey, and should leave Pine Grove the following morning, and hoped to reach Beach Park on Tuesday to dinner, where she would spend a few days, then

proceed to Falmouth, and embark for Naples; as the journey by land would be too fatiguing in her present weak state.

On perusing the letter, Mrs. Bouvrie felt the deepest concern at the melancholy account it conveyed of Mrs. Conway's health. They had ever been on terms of the closest intimacy, and Mrs. Bouvrie, before her marriage, resided with her brother and sister.

On the day appointed Mrs. Conway arrived, attended by a young gentleman, a distant relation who had undertaken to see her safe on board any ship they should find going to the Mediterranean, two servants and a courier.

When Mrs. Bouvrie met her sister in the saloon, she was much affected by the great alteration in her countenance, and her visibly declining state of health.

Mrs. Conway naturally possessed a fine flow of spirits; and, although her mind was depressed by a severe and tedious indisposition, she would sometimes assume a gaiety in her manners and conversation that astonished her friends. Her spirits were that morning unusually elevated, and the vivacity of her manner almost raised a doubt in Mrs. Bouvrie's mind if the tale

told by her pallid cheek and wasted form, was true.

She introduced the gentleman to Mrs. Bouvrie, and apologised for the liberty she had taken in bringing him without previously informing her.

Mrs. Bouvrie would not listen to her apology, but politely welcomed the young gentleman, assuring him, she should ever be happy to receive any friend of her sister's.

By this time they were all seated.

Mrs. Conway had not till then observed her dress.

“ You are in mourning, my dear sister ; I hope you have not lost any near relation ; if you had, I think I should have heard of it.”

“ I have put on this sable dress from respect to the memory of a dear and valuable friend, whose eyes I had the melancholy office of closing the week before last. I have now her orphan daughter under my care ; and a lively girl, whose father is now abroad, and who placed her under the protection of my lamented friend till his return.”

Mrs. Conway's young friend heard not a word of the lady's conversation. Those intelligent faculties, hearing and seeing, were

totally absorbed in profound meditation ; he had been for many weeks feasting in anticipation, and was now enjoying a delicious repast.

“ Let me see your protegee, sister ; their society must be a pleasant acquisition in this retirement, while their unprotected state will afford constant exercise to your philanthropy.”

Mrs. Bouvrie rung the bell.

The entrance of the footman caused the inattentive gentleman to lift up his eyes ; but they were instantly turned on the carpet again, and his teeth again committed devastations on the fingers of his gloves.

“ Tell the young ladies their company is desired in the drawing-room,” said Mrs. Bouvrie to the servant.

The second opening of the door was unheard by this contemplative youth ; he was wrapped in his own reflections ; nor was he conscious of two, in addition to the company, till Mrs. Bouvrie pronounced—Miss Morley. These words thrilled through his heart, and caused a tremor in every nerve.

Celina turned round to take her seat on the sofa. After receiving the compliments of Mrs. Conway, to her great surprise, she



beheld, close to her elbow, Mr. Edward Ellistone.

“ Bless me ! ” cried Celina, under visible agitation and surprise, as she sunk on the sofa.

“ My dear Miss Morley,” stammered Edward, in evident confusion, “ this is a happiness I did not expect.”

“ So it appears,” replied Mrs. Conway, smiling archly.

“ I hope,” resumed Edward, “ that Mrs. Guraville is well, and Henry when you last heard from him.”

Celina was much affected by this unexpected meeting ; but his enquiry after her, alas ! no more, friend, and the amiable Henry, was too much for her weak spirits — she could only answer him with tears. Those never-failing softeners of the manly bosom, when they flow from an object endeared to it by all the tender affections of the soul, drew Edward close to Celina, as one benign spirit flies to the relief of another. He involuntarily took her hand, and, with a most impressive look, intreated to know the cause of her tears.

Celina’s bosom swelled tumultuously, her sobs were painful and loud, a combination of fears and sorrows rushed on her mind ; her

dear protectress dead, for whom she felt the tenderest love, and on whom she had the firmest reliance—her father at a fearful distance, too far either to afford her consolation or protection!—Mrs. Guraville was the mother of her earliest friend—the tutoress of her childish days—her great consolation in her past misfortunes—and the source of many pleasures. Her present guardian she knew to be a worthy woman, yet she could not feel so happy as at Lutherdale Hall; every favour conferred sat with double weight on her mind;—and would not Edward, in whose estimation she wished to hold the first place, look on her as the deserted child of misfortune—a dependant on the bounty of strangers? Would he not now despise the woman he once professed to love.

Such was the succession of painful ideas that chased each other in Celina's mind, and which the sudden appearance of Edward gave rise to.

Mrs. Bouvrie felt for her distress, and undertook to answer Mr. Ellistone's question, whose countenance, during her relation, told expressively the concern he felt for the death of Mrs. Guraville.

He informed the ladies of the long inti-

macy and friendship subsisting between himself and Mr. Morley.

Mrs. Bouvrie congratulated Celina on thus unexpectedly meeting with her friends, and advised her to take a walk in the pleasure ground till dinner.

“It will recover your spirits, and this fine frosty air will assist your appetite.”

Edward asked the ladies to permit him to attend Miss Morley; they bowed assent.

“Miss Morley,” said Edward, as soon as they began their walk, “may I enquire why you did not honour me with an account of this melancholy change at Lutherdale Hall? surely I have not proved myself unworthy of that confidence you once thought me deserving of.”

“No, Edward; the high opinion I have ever entertained of you, has suffered no diminution. I engaged to write to you at stated periods; that promise I have strictly observed: but I felt unwilling to address you before the time expired.”

“That, my dear Miss Morley, is an excuse far too insufficient, to satisfy friendship warm as mine. It is true, I could obtain the happiness of corresponding with you only on those terms; but, though you

bound yourself and me by a promise, only to address each other at stated periods, yet certain circumstances might take place that would entirely exonerate the parties from promises so made. Such was your's, my Celina !

“ I am sorry to find you treat me so fastidiously. I did flatter myself you considered me your friend ! I fondly hoped, my bosom would have been the faithful repository of all your griefs : none on earth, Miss Morley, your father not excepted, can more sensibly sympathize in all your joys or sorrows ; and none, I am sure, would feel such unspeakable delight, in endeavouring to promote your felicity, as myself.”

“ You may still believe, Edward, that you hold the first place in my esteem and confidence.

“ My father thought you worthy of the sacred offices of friendship ! Think you, I can differ from his opinion without cause ! his confidence in you was unbounded ; he laid open to you the most secret concerns of his house—and was convinced that all your actions were governed by principles of honour.

“ When my father left England, it was my consolation to reflect, that I had two

such friends as you and Mrs. Guraville! when Heaven saw fit to deprive me of her, I should have immediately made known to you that cruel event, and asked your advice, had not Mrs. Bouvrie's promise to my expiring friend, that with her I should remain till my father should think proper to remove me, rendered that step unnecessary. Then to have asked your advice, when it could be of no use, would have been seeking an opportunity to write, which my affairs did not require."

"Ah, Celina! that cruel reserve agrees not with the declaration you have just made. Friendship, tender and delicate as mine, admits not of reserve—doubt and distrust wounds its very vitals!"

"Be not so hasty in your conclusions; judge not so precipitately of my actions. Could you read the heart you accuse of doubt and distrust, you would repent the injustice you do it. In you I place every confidence; it is myself only that I fear. Be assured, Edward, the essential services you have rendered to my dear unfortunate father, can never be effaced from my mind. Your experienced kindness and worth are engraven indelibly on my heart, and that heart is overflowing with gratitude."

“ Are then gratitude and friendship the only sentiments Celina can feel for a man who vows to devote his life to her? Have I never heard her express a sentiment towards him, warmer than either esteem or friendship?”

“ Yes, Edward ; but, though those sentiments may still exist, they ought not to be encouraged. I am aware of the consequence of indulging an attachment that must end in disappointment to myself, or ruin to you—the latter never shall take place.

“ Be my situation ever so obscure, my occupation the most servile and mean, I shall still feel a ray of comfort in reflecting, that I have acted consistent with my duty and principles. I shall rejoice that I have not involved you in ruin ! I will support with fortitude and courage my cruel destiny ! and fervently pray for the happiness of my Edward.”

Edward looked at her for a moment with unutterable tenderness ! then taking her hand and pressing it to his lips—

“ Oh ! Celina,” said he, “ can you for one instant imagine that my uncle will withhold his consent to our union ?”

“ Yes ; I am certain he will.”

“It is impossible!” said Edward; “your personal perfections will interest him at first sight; but when, on further acquaintance, he discovers the beauties of your mind, and the sweetness of your disposition, he will sigh for the honour of calling you niece.”

“Edward, you are partial; there is one perfection alone can make a woman desirable for a wife, in your uncle’s opinion, and which I do not possess.”

“What is that, my Celina?”

“Riches! Riches you know, dear Edward, is his idol!”

“He cannot, is not, surely so mercenary.”

“Believe me, he is; my father, to warn me of the danger I was falling into, related to me a conversation that passed between him and your uncle, concerning you. Money is indeed his idol. When a man is naturally fond of it, that fondness increases with his years, till at length it becomes his only good.”

Celina then related to him the conversation verbatim, as her father had told it her.

Edward sighed deeply, but could return no answer.

The footman came to inform them dinner waited.

Celina turned to obey the summons.

Edward stopped her, and in an agony dropped on his knee. He besought her in the most persuasive language to consent to a private union, and thereby put it out of his uncle's power to destroy for ever his happiness !

He used every argument, every tender entreaty ; but in vain, Celina continued firm.

“ No, Edward,” said she, “ it must not be. We cannot, it is true, command our affections, but our actions are within our power, and for them we are answerable !”

“ Then promise at some future period to be mine !”

“ I do promise, at any period, with your uncle's consent—but without it, never ! at least while you are dependant on him.”

When they entered the dining-room, they found the ladies waiting.

Edward apologized for their delay.

Dinner passed over in great good humour, and the evening was pleasant and cheerful. Edward became quite another being ; he talked, sung, played with Eliza, and fondled Chloe ; who was very soon as great a



favourite with Mrs. Bouvrie as she had ever been with Mrs. Guraville.

The next morning Mr. Ellistone took a walk with Woodman round the grounds of Beach Park, then to Lutherdale Hall. The old man's conversation was agreeable to Edward; he was ever warm in the praise of those he loved; for Celina he felt a tender regard; her love for Mrs. Guraville, her unremitted attention to her during her illness, was sufficient to ensure the good man's favour: but that was not the only cause of his regard for her; he loved her for the amiableness of her manners, and the kindness of her disposition, and from many circumstances he suspected, that she was not indifferent to Henry; and whatever Henry loved was dear to him! But the good steward was not a babbler; he kept these thoughts treasured up in his mind, and took every opportunity of paying the highest encomiums to Celina, which from a man thirty years younger would have given pain and uneasiness to the heart of Edward! but from the mouth of Woodman, were music to his ears, sweeter than the strains of Zetus.

The ladies passed near three hours in the work-room.

Mrs Conway, during Celina's various occupations, such as instructing Eliza, directing her work, and giving her lessons on the piano-forte, watched her attentively, and each observation that she made increased her admiration.

As usual, they took a ride before dinner, and the day passed as pleasantly as the preceding one.

Before they separated for the night, Mrs. Conway felt strongly attached to Celina. She secretly wished to be of some essential service to her; but how she did not yet know.

During a restless night, Mrs. Conway took a perspective view of her journey.

After viewing it in the most pleasing light it would admit of, she saw it must be dull and uncomfortable alone. Celina would be a most desirable companion—but will she go? will my sister like to trust her from her care? with me, I think, she will, and to oblige me. And to oblige Celina, I will take Rotterdam in my return, and pay a visit to her father.

Thus passed the night, in starting questions and answering them.

So much was her mind engrossed by the idea, that before the hour of rising, she had

actually persuaded herself, that without Celina she could not go; and was deeply engaged in forming arguments, reasons, and persuasions, such as she hoped would prevail on both, her sister to part with, and Celina to go.

When Mrs. Bouvrie entered her chamber to enquire how she had rested?

“Not at all, my dear sister; your protegee has kept me awake all the night.”

“Why, you surprise me. I hope you have heard no noise to disturb you. Neither Celina nor Eliza would willingly incommode you.”

“No; all has been as silent as if animation was suspended on the earth. A whim, my dear sister, has so occupied my head, the more I strove to banish it the more it intruded; I now find my heart is interested in the affair, nay, I may say my peace and comfort depend on it.”

“Well, I am more surprised than ever; it is strange, that your peace and comfort should depend on a whim; but tell me, what is it that has risen so suddenly, and acted so powerfully on your mind?”

“Why, this journey, I begin to fancy, will be very dull and dreary alone. Page is a good sort of woman, but I cannot make

her my companion ; both her years and her affection for me render her a good nurse, but her appearance and manners are such, that it is impossible she can attend me in my rides or walks : besides, I should wish for a friend, in whose conversation I could find amusement."

" All that I allow," said Mrs. Bouvrie, and last night, when I reflected on your journey, it struck me you should have a female companion. It will have a strange appearance for you to wander over the Continent with only two servants ; it will appear as if you were the last of your family, and had outlived all your acquaintance."

" I am happy to find you see the impropriety of my going alone. I think you will assist me all in your power, to remove this difficulty, and make my journey comfortable."

" No doubt ; you may command me."

" Miss Morley, my dear sister, is of all others in the world the person I most wish to accompany me. She is cheerful without noise ; there is a pleasing tenderness in her words, a fascinating softness in her manners, that delight me ! cheered with her soothing friendship, I think I could support with patience and resignation the gradual,

but progressive advances death is making ! If the salubrious air of Naples has no effect on my disorder, which I very much doubt, I shall die more happy in the arms of so sweet a friend !”

The pale languor of Mrs. Conway's countenance, and the plaintive voice in which she uttered these words, greatly affected Mrs. Bouvrie.

She promised to go and make her wishes known to Miss Morley ; and would soon inform her of the success of her embassy.

Celina was preparing to take her usual walk before breakfast with Eliza, when Mrs. Bouvrie entered her chamber.

She briefly related to her the conversation she had just had with Mrs. Conway, and concluded with begging, that she would not consent if she felt the least reluctance ; that however she might decide, it would not influence her friendship, which would be ever warm and sincere.

Celina heard Mrs. Bouvrie with astonishment, though not without some degree of pleasure.

She begged a little time to reflect on Mrs. Conway's kind proposal, and promised to give her resolution at breakfast.

She took Eliza's hand as they entered the garden-door, which she found was wet: when looking under her bonnet she saw she was in tears.

“ My dear Eliza ! what is the matter ? ” said Celina, clasping her in her arms ; “ why this grief ? ”

“ O Celina ! ” was all she could utter ; then throwing her arms round her neck, she hid her face in her bosom.

Celina judged the cause of her grief ; she affectionately kissed her, while her tears fell on the beautiful cheek of Eliza ! and rolled in conjunction with her's down the same channel.

Eliza's bosom heaved, her sobs became loud ; which gave the severest pain to Celina, who secretly vowed not to leave her.

In this situation they were found by Edward, who had been for some time walking.

On hearing the door open he came towards it, hoping to meet Celina ; which he did, but in a situation that alarmed him.

He raised them from their cold seat, and tenderly enquired the cause of their distress.

Celina informed him of the conversation that had passed between Mrs. Bouvrie and herself; which was the sole cause of Eliza's grief, and that seeing her so distressed had affected her.

“And is not that cause enough, my dear Celina; if you leave me, what will become of me? who will teach me to read, work, and play on the pianoforte? and who will sleep with me? Mrs. Bouvrie is very good, but I cannot hang at her side and kiss her as I do you. I shall have no one to play with or kiss but Chloe!—nothing to fondle but her.”

At that moment the little favourite came waddling into the garden, panting under the weight of flesh she carried: and away ran Eliza to meet her.

Edward expressed great surprise at his cousin's wish to take Celina, and enquired what she intended to do.

“I know not. It is my wish to oblige Mrs. Conway; but to leave Eliza will be a cruel task; and my father, whether he will approve of it I cannot tell; but he will not surely wish me to live at ease on the bounty of strangers, and refuse to oblige them in return.

“ As to the feelings of an helpless dependant like myself, they must not be considered !—they must be suppressed !—gratitude to my benefactress, must rise superior to self, and yield to the tender feelings for the dear friends of my heart !”

“ Amiable, heroic girl ! may I not hope that I am one of those dear friends ?”

“ Why urge me, Edward, to professions which surely are unnecessary ; you have long been assured that my affections are your’s ! that, except my father, you are the friend dearest to my heart ! and in that character, may I not with propriety claim your advice ?”

“ If, my dear Celina, you feel no other objection to this journey than the dread of leaving Eliza, or the doubt of your father’s approbation, I certainly should advise you to go.

“ If you gain the affection of Mrs. Conway, which I am certain you have in a great degree already done, you know not how powerful an advocate it will be gaining in our cause.

“ On your return, I may boldly venture to declare my attachment to my uncle ! for Mrs. Conway possesses great influence over him.”



A summons to breakfast spared Celina the pain of a reply.

During breakfast, her mind was debating on the important question. She formed as many arguments as could be adduced against accepting Mrs. Conway's offer as in favour of it: but would not the refusal appear like ingratitude?—from that accusation she shrunk with horror: besides, she felt a wish to accompany her, and that wish was increased by the advice Edward gave her—advice which so well coincided with her inclination. The only regret she felt was leaving Eliza.

During breakfast all eyes were at times turned on Celina.

In Mrs. Bouvrie's and Edward's she read the most persuasive intreaties; in Mrs. Conway's an irresistible languor pleaded too forcibly to her heart; and she could no longer withhold her consent.

"I am happy, Madam," said she, addressing Mrs. Bouvrie, "to inform you, that I feel much inclined to accompany Mrs. Conway to the Continent; but I must beg the favour of you to inform my father, that I act entirely with your approbation; for I am certain, that will satisfy him more than any thing I can say."

“ I will most certainly, my dear Miss Morley, write to your father with pleasure.”

“ Then pray, sister, write to-day, and inform Mr. Morley, that on our return to England, which I hope will be in six or eight months, we will pass through Germany to Rotterdam, and spend some weeks at the Hague, during which time I hope we shall be favoured with his company.”

This was as agreeable as unexpected to both Celina and Edward : he knew that to feel a friendship for Mr. Morley, it was but requisite to see him : he was certain the penetrating susceptible mind of his cousin, would soon discover the amiable traits in his character ; he knew also how warm she was in her attachments, and over his uncle she had great power.

Celina, on hearing Mrs. Conway's intention of visiting Rotterdam, anticipated a happiness far different from Edward's. Her dear father was all she thought of ; and, full of this idea, she began to arrange her wardrobe with double satisfaction.

Mrs. Conway, with her engaging politeness, thanked Celina for the pleasure she was about to afford her.

Edward tenderly took her hand, and assured her, she had made him perfectly happy in consenting to accompany his cousin.

This declaration Mrs. Conway imagined related only to herself, and thanked Edward for the affectionate solicitude he evinced for her happiness.

Celina retired with Mrs. Bouvrie to prepare for her journey.

Mrs. Conway talked to Eliza, and endeavoured to reconcile her to Celina's departure.

While Edward walked on the pleasure grounds, ruminating on, and hailing the present, as a happy presage of the future, and fondly hugged ideal pleasures to his heart.

If the proportion of happiness enjoyed by mortals, was distributed according to the purity of their morals, rectitude of their hearts, and justness of their actions, surely Edward might look forward with confidential hope, that the most ardent of his wishes would be realized : but are we not taught to believe, that virtue meets not her reward on this sublunary globe !

On the third day from that on which Celina consented to accompany Mrs. Conway, they left Beach Park.

Celina's grateful heart felt painful sensations at parting with Mrs. Bouvrie ; but the farewell to Eliza was agonizing to a degree ! at the carriage door she threw her arms round Celina's neck, and closed her hands with a convulsive grasp, while her mournful sobs pierced her to the soul !

Edward's presence greatly assisted Celina to support this distressing scene : her reflections were melancholy on the occasion. One moment she fancied she saw Mrs. Guraville reproaching her for deserting her child ; and her heart sunk at the idea. She then reflected, that Mrs. Guraville, in her last moments, gave to Mrs. Bouvrie the precious charge ! she was convinced of that worthy woman's attachment to the lovely orphan ! and felt consoled in the assurance, that she would watch over her with a tender solicitude.

At Falmouth they found a vessel bound to Salerno, in which Mr. Ellistone procured passages for Mrs. Conway and her suite.

The captain informed them, he only waited for a wind, and desired their luggage to be sent on board.

For three days did the wind blow favourable to the wishes of our heroine and her

Edward; the vessel could not fail. Both secretly blessed the fortunate delay.

Celina dreaded the moment that was to separate her (perhaps for ever) from the man who was dearer to her than life; yet had she prudence and philosophy enough, to conceal from every eye the feelings that agitated and oppressed her heart.

Late in the evening of the third day, while they were sipping their coffee and enjoying a cheerful conversation, they received a message from the captain, requesting their company on board immediately, as the wind blew a brisk gale in their favour.

This threw a damp on all their spirits; they had but to walk to the boat, which waited to take them on board.

The cold frosty night was an excellent reason for the uncommon trembling visible in Celina.

Edward bid a reluctant farewell to his cousin and Celina; nor did he leave the vessel till she was under way.

He then returned to his solitary inn; and so lightly did he sleep, that every gust of wind was responded with a sigh!

During the first week Celina suffered much from sea sickness.

Mrs. Conway continued ill during the whole voyage ; nor could she go on deck to enjoy with Celina the view of that amazing rock where Henry resided : nothing could equal her disappointment when she found the captain could not touch at Gibraltar ; for she had secretly treasured in her mind the hope of seeing Henry.

As they came within sight of the Italian shores, the eye was continually gratified by a variety of objects.

The immense hills spiring above the clouds, shading the white towns, and humble cottages ; the peaceful habitations of the peasant.

On their arrival at Salerno, they were ordered to perform quarantine for several days ; which to Mrs. Conway, in her weak state, was a dreadful task.

The captain, however, found means to send a letter on shore, for the English Minister at Naples ; and, through his interest, they were permitted to land.

They reached Naples that night, and took apartments at the Crocele, where they found every comfort they could expect in a foreign inn, and the attentive politeness of the master compensated for every deficiency.

Mrs. Conway's health appeared to give way to the fatigues of the voyage; and Celina was much alarmed.

By the advice of some ladies in the same inn, she sent for a physician; he prescribed, but gave her no hope of her friend's recovery.

In a few days, Mrs. Conway found herself much better, it being the cool season; her physician advised her to take as much air as possible.

A carriage was engaged by the month, in which Mrs. Conway and Celina (frequently attended by the antiquarian) made daily excursions to visit all that was worthy of attention in the environs of Naples.

Pompeia was a great source of wonder and amazement.

They afterwards visited the Museum at Portici, which contained the utensils found in Pompeia, and which are in high preservation, though buried under ground upwards of a thousand years. The most curious of these are the condensed wine, and the petrified bread and fish.

Cuma and Baia were not less admired; with a variety of other natural curiosities; which were pointed out to them by the worthy Scot.

After the fatigue of the morning's ride, Mrs. Conway (native like) usually retired to her bed: and Mr. Clarke would remain and explain to Celina the probable causes of those wonderful productions of nature, which had been the subject of the morning's research.



## C H A P. XII.

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“ Such be my cares to bind th’ oppressive hand  
“ And crush the fetters of an injur’d land ;  
“ To see the monster’s noxious life resign’d,  
“ And tyrants quell’d, the monsters of mankind.”

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SHENSTONE.

THE amiable manners of Henry created him friends as soon as he was known. His constant attention to his duty, and his indefatigable perseverance in the study of his profession, caught the observation of his General ; and, in a short time, he became the constant companion of that brave officer, whose health being much injured by his long service in the army, obliged him to withdraw himself a good deal from company ; and Henry usually devoted three or four hours every afternoon either to read to him, or converse with him.

One evening, while sitting with his General, Henry received by the same packet three letters ; one from Mr. Hill, inclosing one from Lord Winnington, one from Celina, and one from Woodman. Henry knew the different superscriptions, and was at a loss which to read first.

“ This is from a lady,” said the General smiling, and looking at Celina’s letter ; “ you must read this first, Mr. Guraville.”

“ Bless me, it is sealed with black ; what can this mean ?”

He then with a trembling hand broke the seal, and read the dreadful tidings of his mother’s death.

The General saw from his countenance, as he perused the letter, that it contained information of a most melancholy nature.

Henry arose from his seat, and went to the window. There his oppressed heart obtained the temporary relief of a few tears.

“ May I ask, Mr. Guraville,” said the General, “ the amount of this affecting letter ?”

His heart was too full ; it palpitated too quick to allow his tongue its office. He held out the letter to the General :

“ Read, Sir,” was all he could articulate.

He read, and felt for his friend. He did not officiously offer consolation, when the mind was incapable of attending to the voice of friendship, but kindly left the room, for at least an hour.

He sent immediately for Captain Gura-ville's servant.

When Weldon arrived, the General, after a little preface, told him the purport of Celina's letter.

Weldon was extremely shocked at the account of his mistress's death ; also at the idea of what Henry was then suffering. He begged to see his master ; but the General would not allow it.

“ No, Weldon,” said he, “ you must recover yourself a little ; it was my chief reason for sending for you ; that you might be acquainted with the melancholy news ; that you might not have to receive from him the shock such an account must naturally give you ; and that you might be collected and quite master of your feelings before you saw the Captain.”

“ Your precautions, Sir,” said Weldon, “ are exceedingly kind and friendly. You may rely on me ; I will do all in my power to appear before my master with a serene countenance.”

“ I will now,” said the General, “ return to Mr. Guraville, and endeavour to offer him some consolation.”

On his entering the room, he found Henry sitting in a melancholy posture, his eyes fixed on the ground, and the other letters lying unopened.

He then arose, and begged leave to retire to his own apartment.

“ I cannot think of parting with you yet, Sir,” returned the General; “ I am come to have a few minutes conversation; I then will leave you again: besides, here are some letters unopened, they may be of some consequence.”

“ I cannot read them now, Sir,” replied Henry: “ that is from the poor old steward, who I dare say is quite broken-hearted; and this is from a very dear friend in the West Indies; I fear it is full of reproaches.” He then sat silent a few moments, supporting his head on his hand. At last, with a deep drawn sigh, he said: “ Allow me to go, Sir; I have a hard task to perform! when that is done, perhaps I shall be easier.”

“ What is it, my dear young friend?” returned the General; “ cannot you depute me to perform it for you? you may

command my services to the utmost of my power. Remember, that only in the field I am your General; in the closet I am your friend, your companion, your father; there exists not a man who would exert his abilities to assist you with more sincerity and ardour than myself: therefore unbosom yourself, my dear friend, pour forth your wants and wishes into my breast, and rely on me for every assistance human power can give."

Henry expressed his thanks in the warmest manner, and assured him he would avail himself of his kind professions and offers; said, what he then wished was to see Weldon: that worthy man will be truly grieved to hear of my mother's death; he loved both her and my father with the kindest affection."

"I have spared you the trouble of disclosing the distressing account. I sent for Weldon, and imparted to him all. The worthy man is in deep affliction, and begged to see you; but I convinced him how wrong it would be to add to your sorrows by witnessing his: he is now gone to tranquillize his mind before he sees you."

Henry returned his thanks to the Gene-

ral for this great mark of his consideration and kindness.

After taking coffee he felt more composed, and ventured to break the seal of Mr. Hill's letter. The first part was consolatory on the death of his father—the last filled with advice—ending with his declared disapprobation of his having entered the army.

He then read Lord Winnington's, which endeavoured to give him the same consolation as Mr. Hill's, respecting the loss of his father; but in the sequel condemned in the strongest terms the steps he had taken; accused him of a want of confidence in his friendship and reliance on his assurances—concluded with declaring, that nothing on earth could make him happy but his quitting the army: that his aunt was dead, and he only remained to settle his affairs, so as to render a second visit to that island not necessary. He hoped, on his return to Lutherdale Hall, to meet, not Lieutenant Guraville, but his dear friend Henry.

“His Lordship dislikes the army—he appears much hurt at your having entered on so honourable a profession,” said the General.

“ Believe me, these letters,” replied Henry, “ give me much pain ; no two men could feel a greater friendship than we did for each other—it was a principle of justice and delicacy that made me purchase a commission in the army—justice to my dear mother and sisters—and a delicacy I felt respecting some offers made me by Lord Winnington.”

Here Henry related the leading circumstances of his life ; also his father’s, which the General heard with surprise, admiration, and regret.

He endeavoured to divert Henry’s mind till a late hour—and had the pleasure of seeing him retire for the night more tranquil than he had ever hoped.]

Weldon attended his master in painful silence—he wished to speak—yet was afraid lest his tongue should betray the distress of his heart : but Henry was not so far master of his feelings ; the sight of Weldon brought his sorrows in full force to his mind.

“ O ! Weldon,” cried he, throwing himself on a chair, “ this is the severest stroke to my happiness that possibly could have been given. To lose my mother, and such a mother ! is an affliction too great to

support. That I was absent from her during her illness is a bitter reflection! how would my affectionate attentions have given comfort to her last hours!"—Here convulsive grief stopped his utterance.

"My dear Sir," returned Weldon, "do not afflict yourself on that account; you may be assured, your dear respected mother had every attention, assistance, and advice, that England could afford—the tender affluities of Miss Morley, must have given her every consolation, and entirely precluded her feeling either your absence or Miss Guraville's essentially—had you been there you could not have saved her life."

"Ah! Weldon, not saved her precious life! there—there—my conscience feels a sting, and tells me, I am in a great degree her murderer!"

"For heaven's sake, say not so," replied Weldon, "your mind is disordered; give place to no such injurious thoughts."

"Oh! yes, a combination of ills marked her dissolution. Parting with Mary gave the first wound, which, ere time had healed, it was torn open and renewed by the death of my beloved father!—that was an affliction which neither her religion nor unequalled fortitude could enable her to resist;



and I, dreadful reflection!—inhuman that I was, left her against her will—to brood over her sorrows! and mourn the addition of my unkindness! every other son would have staid and cheered his widowed mother's melancholy hours!—and by his filial love and attention, taught her to forget, or, at least, not to regret, the departed partner of her happier hours!—What can I do! tell me, Weldon, tell me, my friend, how can I expiate my fault—to her pure spirit I can make no restitution—could she look down from the abode of the blessed, and see the deep affliction—the sincere contrition of her son! she surely would implore that the messenger of peace might descend to give me comfort.”

“That messenger of peace will descend,” said Weldon; “that comfort will by degrees take possession of your mind, if you can see things in their just light—thus convicting yourself, when you stand not accused, is wrong—you endeavour to bring charges against yourself that exist not but in your great sensibility.”

“Reflect one moment calmly on the divine dispensations of Providence—observe the incomprehensible ways of the all-wise, all-just Governor of the universe—and you

will see the finger of God in this present affliction—the decree appears cruel to you but depend on it, it was ordained in mercy to her that is no more—the Almighty God has taken her from some evil to come—which we short sighted mortals cannot foresee—

“Heaven in mercy hides the book of fate.”

Let me intreat you to bear this irreparable loss with resignation and fortitude—and bow with humble submission to the divine will.”

“I will call to my aid all the resolution and fortitude I am master of; but this full heart must seek relief, and where shall I find it, but in pouring my sorrows into your faithful bosom—bear with me and pity my sufferings?”

Weldon, after a restless night, rose early and went to his master's chamber, whom he found awake. After the usual salutation, he enquired if his master would rise?

“No, Weldon,” said Henry, “I have not slept one hour during the night, and feel very unwell; besides, if I get up, I must see all who may kindly call—solitude and my own reflections will do more towards softening and obliterating my grief than all the exhortations and reasoning of my best friend.”

“ That I admit of, Sir,” replied Weldon, “ but, if I may presume to advise, it is that you should get up, and walk round the garden; the air will be of infinite service to you. I will take care that no one intrude on your privacy to-day.”

Henry took the advice of Weldon, and immediately arose; but, before he was half dressed, he was seized with a vertigo, and fell on the floor. Weldon got him into the bed again as fast as possible—sent for the surgeon of the regiment. On his arrival, he pronounced Henry to be in a high fever; he gave Weldon necessary orders concerning his medicine and diet—and then went to inform the General.

He was much hurt at the information, and begged the surgeon to exert his utmost abilities to preserve a life so valuable as Henry’s promised to be to the public—he was not only an acquisition to the army, but bore strong marks of being one day an honour to it.

The Surgeon gave the General every assurance, that nothing on his part should be omitted—that he would exert his utmost endeavours to accelerate his recovery.

So much was Henry esteemed, that the

whole garison felt the deepest concern on hearing of his illness and the cause.

The fever raged with great violence for fourteen days, during which time there was little hope of his recovery.

The General was constant in his visits every day, besides a general command to the orderly, that he should attend at Henry's apartment at least four times a day, to inform him of every little change that might take place in his disorder. On the fifteenth day the fever appeared at its crisis ; the Surgeon and his assistant attended by his bedside the greatest part of the day, in a considerable degree of apprehension for his life.

Towards the evening the fever wore more favourable symptoms. At midnight they left him in great hopes he would recover. Each succeeding day added strength to that hope—and in a few days more, they had the happiness to see him sufficiently recovered to leave his chamber.

No one so sincerely partook of the general joy on this occasion as Weldon ; he had been a careful attentive nurse during his illness—and his recovery gave him the most heartfelt pleasure.

The Surgeon saw with great concern that the fever had left many alarming symptoms

of an approaching decline—this he communicated to the General, and recommended as his opinion, that change of air was the only possible means of restoring him to a state of convalescence.

“Then, that step,” replied the General, “shall be immediately taken—not one hour shall be lost—matters must be instantly arranged for that purpose—you must acquaint him with the necessity of the journey.”

“By no means,” returned the Surgeon, “his spirits are so weak and his nerves in that state of imbecility, that to communicate hints so alarming may have the worst effects. I have formed a plan, which, as I am sure it will be as advisable for you to pursue as Captain Guraville, I shall venture to name.

“Change of climate would to you be of equal service—though possibly not so immediately necessary as to him—I therefore advise that you both take the opportunity of the first ship going up the Streights for Naples; two or three months spent there will, I trust, perfectly recover you both. Captain Guraville will only suppose himself invited to accompany you, with a view to accelerate his returning health, but will not suppose it absolutely necessary, and such

knowledge should be carefully kept from him at present."

The General, without the least hesitation, consented, and wrote to Henry—informing him of his intention, and requesting his company.

The Surgeon, previous to Henry's receiving the letter, informed Weldon of the necessity of his master's taking the proposed voyage, and begged he would use his influence to prevail on him to go.

When Henry received the General's letter, he felt much reluctance at the idea of taking the voyage—yet such a proof of the General's attention was not to be slighted. Henry shewed the letter to Weldon, who expressed much pleasure at the proposal; at the same time, his heart felt the acutest pain in knowing that his master's health rendered it absolutely necessary.

Henry returned a polite answer, gratefully thanking him for his attention, assuring him he should accept his offer with great pleasure.

The General made him a visit in the evening, to talk over the voyage, and arrange every thing for that purpose.

In the course of the following week, a vessel touched at Gibraltar bound for Sa-

Genoa—in which they took their passage to that port.

The salubrious air of Naples had an immediate and visible effect on Henry; the General also received much benefit. As the spring advanced, they intended to pass through Italy, and spend their summer in Switzerland; and in the autumn rejoin their regiment at Gibraltar—and Henry hoarded up in his mind the ideal pleasure of taking a trip from Switzerland to see Mary at Nismes; and that the pleasure might be greater from being unexpected, determined not to write to her—which had he done, it would not have reached her, as she had been forced to depart from the convent about the time Henry left Gibraltar.

The death of the King of France was an event unknown to the General till he arrived at Naples—and that it was the intention of England to scourge her sons for the cruel regicide! This news was communicated to him by a letter from government a few weeks after, and commanded his presence in England as soon as his health would permit.

Henry's heart beat high at the idea of actual service—and the detestation he felt

at the crime of the enemy filled him with a noble desire of being instrumental to the punishment they merited. He begged the General would permit him to accompany him to England, that he might exchange his commission for one in some regiment that was going to France.

The General admired the youthful ardour of Henry, and the graceful martial air with which he uttered his sentiments, and his wish to assist in revenging the wrongs of a murdered monarch.

He assured him that his wishes should be complied with, and that he would so dispose of him as always to have him near his person.

In a short time after, they left Naples for Leghorn, from which place they immediately set sail for England. The morning after their arrival, the General waited on the first Lord of the War Office, to whom he introduced Henry; and from the high terms in which the General spoke of him, together with the knowledge that he was the son of Mr. Guraville (with whom he had formed some degree of friendship while he held his place, procured for him through the interest of Lord Winnington) he already felt a presentiment for him, and assured the



General he would not forget his young friend.

The next morning arrived at the General's house, properly filled up and signed, a Captaincy for Henry, with orders to prepare for embarkation immediately. The sight of the commission gave Henry inexpressible delight. But much he wished to have made a visit to his dear Eliza and Celina; he also felt it incumbent on him to thank in person Mrs. Bouvrie for her kindness: it was also necessary to see Woodman—but all must be left unperformed.

To Woodman he could write whatever directions he wished to give—to Mrs. Bouvrie he could return his grateful acknowledgments—but Celina he would give the world to see, to speak to, to hear from her lips the account of his mother's illness and death.

Besides, he felt a something at his heart, which could not be removed but by reposing it in her's—and far more satisfactory would it be to communicate it personally than by letter—what could he do? if he requested that his departure for the Continent might be deferred for a week, his motive might be misconstrued—cowardice and

reluctance to enter on the service might be the stigma thrown on his character.

At length, after many struggles with himself, he determined to abandon all thoughts of going into Devonshire: the few hours he had to spare were employed in writing the necessary letters—that to Celina lay nearest to his heart, and that he wrote first.

### HENRY TO CELINA.

“ NO doubt, my dear Celina will be surpris'd at receiving an answer to her melancholy letter, dated in London—its unexpected distressing contents almost immediately deprived me of the power of answering it.

For fifteen days was my recovery doubtful—but through the interposition of the Almighty, and the unremitting care and assiduity of the doctor, and Weldon, my faithful attendant and nurse, I am now happily recovered; nor can I express the kindness and attention I received from our worthy General, with whom I left Gibraltar before I was able to use my pen—in the hope of re-establishing my health from the

salubrious air of Naples; nor were we disappointed; a short residence in that terrestrial paradise effected a change in us both, far beyond our most sanguine expectation.

“ Our plans for passing the summer were most delightfully formed; a visit to my dear Mary was fixed on—when, on our arrival at Naples, the murder of the unfortunate King of France reached our ears, filled our hearts with compassion and horror!—it caused a total change in our affairs.

“ An order from government soon followed our General, which was the cause of my visiting my native land. What constituted the greatest pleasure of my voyage was, the happiness I anticipated in once more embracing you and my dear Eliza. I am now labouring under the cruellest disappointment—this morning I received in exchange for my Lieutenancy, a Captaincy in the Coldstream Guards, with an order to leave town for Dover to-morrow; nothing can equal my distress at this second interruption to my self-promised felicity.

“ I must obey!—all our hopes, desires, and tenderest affections, must be sacrificed to honour and the public good.

“ I am about to fight for the cause of

religion and humanity—not for power and aggrandisement—I trust our army will be crowned with success, in punishing a set of barbarous rebels, and in protecting the royal children and their unhappy mother.

“ Now, my dear Celina, allow me to speak on a subject that has long lain near my heart, on the success of which depends my future happiness ! My dear lamented mother, whose death I have forbore to mention, not from a disregard to that dreadful event, for, believe me, it lays at my heart the heaviest of all earthly afflictions—but from a wish to spare both your feelings and my own—to that dear respected mother I opened the state of my heart—to her did I confess the object of its tenderest affections, *and she approved.*

“ Oh ! my Celina, would to heaven she had been spared a few years longer !—at this moment on her could I have depended for an advocate—to her adored Celina would she have pleaded the tender cause of her beloved son !—I am assured, that, on her death-bed she hinted to you my love, and her wishes—let me implore Celina, that the recollection of her dying request may have some weight in my favour.

“ My attachment is not the fancied passion of a few hours, it has had the maturity of years—formed almost in the days of childhood, it.

“ Grew with my youth, and strengthen’d with my strength ;”

and, as each added year drew forth the amiable virtues of its object, it increased in tenderness, warmth, and immutability.

“ This declaration I should have made previous to my leaving England—but, at that unhappy moment, I feared you would think it a tax on your gratitude—and to that heavenly sentiment I wished not to be indebted for your acceptance of my offered hand.

“ No, Celina, my love is pure, disinterested, ardent, and tender, excited by no other stimulus than your angelic self—I fondly trust we have kindred souls—that we are formed to bless each other; under that delightful hope, will I expect to meet a return of affection equal to my own.

“ Full of distracting doubts, I relieved my labouring anxious breast of half its load, by disclosing them to my mother—she approved my conduct, and begged me to leave

the rest to her. I felt assured of her good offices—but begged, should she discover that your heart was pre-engaged, to be silent on the subject of my passion. I would rather fall a secret victim to its effects, than, by disclosing it, give pain for a moment to your impeccable and truly amiable heart.

“ In the last letter, written by her dear hand, she gives me every reason to believe your affections are yet disengaged—that in your conversation you speak of me with the tender affection of a sister.

“ Thus urged, encouraged, and delighted, I have ventured to declare to you the most ardent wishes of my soul—that they may meet yours is my anxious hope and fervent prayer.

“ It might be deemed improper by the world should you leave the protecting presence of the worthy Mrs. Bouvrie; otherwise, it is my wish that you and Eliza should reside at Lutherdale Hall. I feel with gratitude the motive that actuated Mrs. Bouvrie when she took Eliza and you to her house; and in a few months I hope to offer her my personal thanks—and to receive from her hand all that can constitute my future felicity—and that Lutherdale Hall will shortly hail you its mistress.

“ Then will your delighted Henry lay down his arms, happy in the idea of having been instrumental in tranquillizing and recalling to their duty a rebellious nation, and having made happy for life the woman of his choice.

“ That the predictions of his heart may be realized, is the constant prayer of your

“ Affectionate and devoted

“ HENRY GURAVILLE.”

The next morning Henry, in company with the General, left town for Dover; at which place, they with their regiment embarked for Dunkirk, and arrived safe the second day.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

A. PARIS, *Printer,*  
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